

The Sketch.

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM,
AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.



SHOOLBRED'S REMOVALS. WAREHOUSING.

SKILLED SERVICE—MODERATE CHARGES—ESTIMATES FREE

Decoration, Renovations, Upholstery, Carpets, Linens, Curtain Fabrics
Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

Established 1769.

[Established 1769.]

GORDON'S "LONDON DRY GIN"

Distillery: 132, GOSWELL RD., LONDON, E.C.

Can be obtained at all Hotels, Restaurants, and Wine Merchants.

FEROCAL (SQUIRE'S CHEMICAL FOOD).

Ferocal is UNRIVALLED
for QUICKLY GROWING and DELICATE CHILDREN.
It STRENGTHENS, NOURISHES, & IMPROVES the APPETITE.
In bottles, 1/9, 2/9, and 4/6, of all Chemists.

SQUIRE & SONS, LTD., THE KING'S CHEMISTS,
413, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.

LASCELLES & Co. LIMITED,

Fine=Art Photo=Mechanical Etchers & Engravers
IN
LINE, HALF-TONE, THREE-COLOUR, & PHOTOGRAVURE.

Speciality: Photogravure Etching, Both Flat and Rotary.
PROMPT SERVICE. QUALITY FIRST CLASS.

27, FLORAL STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.
Telephone: 1030 Regent. Telegrams: "Lasciata, London."

Old
Bushmills
Whiskey
Pleases the most critical.

NATIONAL



RELIEF FUND

The Prince to the People.

Buckingham Palace.

"At such a moment we all stand by one another, and it is to the hearts of the British people that I confidently make this most earnest appeal."

EDWARD P.

Subscriptions must be addressed to
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES,
Buckingham Palace, London.

All letters may be sent post free.

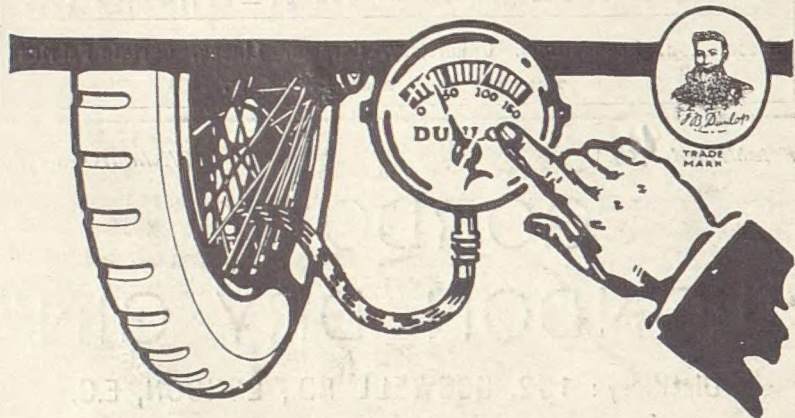
Do you trouble about air pressure?

If not, do so at once. The whole principle of the pneumatic tyre depends on proper inflation. Adequate air pressure will make your tyres last longer, and increase your riding comfort. The

DUNLOP

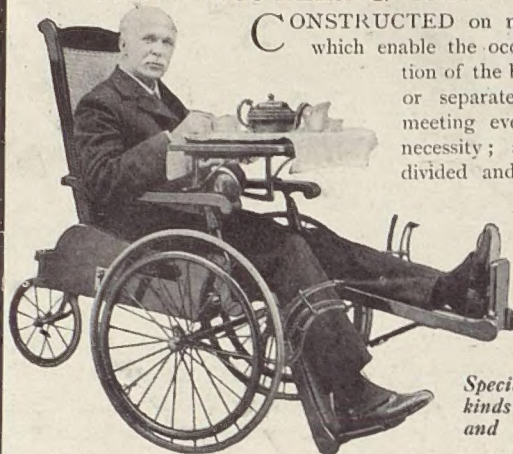
tyre was the first based upon the pneumatic principle, and it is their thorough understanding of the subject that has enabled the Dunlop Rubber Company to manufacture tyres unexcelled for economy and durability.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.,
Founders throughout the World of the Pneumatic Tyre Industry, Aston Cross,
Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. PARIS: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.



FOOT'S WHEEL CHAIRS.

SELF-PROPELLING AND ADJUSTABLE.



CONSTRUCTED on new and improved principles, which enable the occupant to change the inclination of the back or leg-rest either together or separately to any desired position, meeting every demand for comfort and necessity; also supplied with single or divided and extensible leg rests. Have specially large Rubber-Tyred Wheels, and are most easily propelled. No other Wheel Chair is capable of so many adjustments.

Catalogue F 13 of
Wheel Chairs post free.

Specialists in the manufacture of all
kinds of INVALID FURNITURE
and APPLIANCES for Bodily
Rest and Comfort.

FOOT'S "ADAPTA" BED-TABLE.



Can be instantly raised, lowered, reversed, or inclined either way. It extends over bed, couch, or chair without touching it, and is the ideal Table for reading or taking meals in bed. Change of position is effected by simply pressing the patent push button. The height of Table can be adjusted at any point from 28 in. to 43 in. from floor. The top is 27 in. long by 18 in. wide, and is always in alignment with the base. It cannot overbalance. The "Adapta" Table is instantly adjustable to various convenient uses, such as Reading Stand, Writing Table, Bed Rest, Sewing or Work Table, Music Stand, Easel, Card Table, &c.

PRICES.

- No. 1. Enamelled Metal Parts, with Polished Wood Top £1 7 6
- No. 2. Ditto, with Adjustable Side Tray and Automatic Book-holders (as illustrated) £1 15 0
- No. 3. Complete as No. 2, but with Polished Oak Top and superior finish £2 5 0
- No. 4. Complete as No. 2, but with Polished Mahogany Top and all Metal Parts Nickel Plated £3 3 0
- No. 5. Complete as No. 4, but fitted with a detachable Candle Sconce, and all metal parts finished in Polished Brass £3 12 6

AN IDEAL GIFT FOR A SICK OR WOUNDED FRIEND.

Carriage Paid in Great Britain. BOOKLET A 13 FREE.

J. FOOT & SON, Ltd. (Dept. A 13), 171, New Bond Street, London, W.

CRÈME SIMON
PARIS

FOR
Beauty,
Whiteness,
Preservation
of the Skin.
Against Chaps and all Irritations of the Epidermis.
Prevents Wrinkles.
Absolutely Unrivalled.
Does not Produce Hair.
Of all Chemists, Hairdressers, Perfumers and Stores.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

THE SIX ALLIES
for the protection
of our Homes and Health.

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap Protects from Infection.

4d Per Tablet.

Wilson & Gill

139, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

VISIBLE IN THE DARK.

Illustrated Catalogue of Useful Presents
Post Free.

WILSON & GILL'S NEW PATTERN
"SERVICE" WRISTLET WATCH, WITH LUMINOUS FIGURES AND HANDS.

"THE GOLDSMITHS,"
139, REGENT STREET,
LONDON, W.

Reliable Highest-grade
Timekeeper,
SOLID SILVER, 50/-
9-ct. GOLD, £5. 18-ct. GOLD, £7.

Section showing damp & dust-proof Front & Back unscrewed.

The Sketch

No. 1152.—Vol. LXXXIX.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



DRIVING A RED CROSS CAR AT THE FRONT: MISS GLADYS NELSON, DAUGHTER OF SIR WILLIAM AND LADY NELSON.

The part which women of gentle birth are playing in the service of their country in the Great War is growing more conspicuous every day. Especially is this the case when to the natural sympathy of her sex is added the pluck which has come to so many women now that sport is no longer a masculine prerogative, and motoring has made women substitute "nerve" for nineteenth-century "nerves." Miss Gladys Nelson, the

beautiful daughter of Sir William and Lady Nelson, of Hill Street, Mayfair, is a skillful motorist, and is at present at Fécamp, where she is driving a motor-ambulance, which she has taken to France in connection with the work of the Red Cross Society. Miss Nelson obviously lives up to the family motto: "Confident in oneself." She has two brothers in the Army, and four sisters married to Army officers.—[Photo. by Lallie Charles.]



By KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Father of the Thought.

When you hear a man talking nonsense, even though that nonsense may be slightly irritating nonsense, never be in a hurry to contradict him. Let him go on talking, and he will presently strangle himself in the coils of his own silly verbosity.

I heard a man saying the other day, to an audience composed mainly of philosophers, "You can say what you like, Germany is still top dog." Nobody replied. Nobody pointed out to him that our Navy was even more powerful now than when war was declared; that our huge new Army was still intact, whilst the Expeditionary Force was up to, if not beyond, its original strength; that our Airy—one can't keep on saying "Flying Department" until the end of Time—did precisely as it chose; that the German colonies had disappeared; that German commerce was stopped; that German food-supplies had been cut off; that the German Navy was utterly useless; that the flower of the German Army had perished; that the German Airy was the laughing-stock of the world. Nobody, I say, pointed out these things. They let him continue.

"And I'll tell you why Germany is still top dog," went on the oracle—merely, you see, because he had to go on. "She's still top dog because she's fighting on the enemy's soil. Until the Allies actually set foot on German soil, Germany is top dog."

Just as the Sidney Street murderers were top dogs when the police had so completely surrounded the house that they knew there was no escape save through the portals of Death. But nobody said that. All remained silent, knowing that he would pay out for himself even more rope.

And so came the explanation. His firm wanted to embark on a commercial enterprise of some magnitude. The orator was against this enterprise, and strove to carry his point by assuring the firm that the war would last another two or three years. From that he came to believe that the war really would last another two or three years. And so, in his mind, Germany became top-dog.

Who Began It?

It is generally difficult to remember, when the row is over, who began it. Each side, quite naturally, accuses the other of having begun it. At the moment of writing—it may be settled definitely one way or the other before these lines get into print—a discussion of the most intense interest is taking place between Germany and America. The discussion is so tremendously important that all the world should be following it with breathless interest. The finish of it may mean a world-war or a world-peace. Germany, of course, is trying to confuse the issue with dialectics—she is supposed to be rather good at dialectics—so that it might be well to set out the argument in very simple words from the very beginning—

GERMANY: Look here, my dear. This is a friendly warning. From Feb. 18 we have decided to sink all ships that get within a certain distance of the British Isles.

AMERICA: Oh, you have, have you? Well, you know our flag when you see it. Just take the hint.

GERMANY: Yes, my dear, we know your flag, but the English make use of it to deceive us. Therefore, we cannot recognise your flag.

AMERICA: In that case, you must examine the ship and the cargo before you sink her.

GERMANY: Sorry, my dear, but we can't do that. It would take too long.

AMERICA: Then you mean to destroy an American ship, carrying American citizens, if she gets within this imaginary line that you have drawn?

GERMANY: That's it, my dear.

AMERICA: Very well. But the first time you do it, we go for you with all our strength.

GERMANY: That is absurd. You should get us to cancel our order.

AMERICA: How?

GERMANY: Simply tell England that she must not cut off our supplies of food. Then, whatever happens, it will be England's fault.

AMERICA: That is still more absurd. We can't order England about, especially when she is trying to end a war that everybody loathes but you.

GERMANY: All right. Only don't forget that we didn't begin it.

The dialectics of the gutter-pugilist.

The Death of Samson.

"Now the house was full of men and women; and all the lords of the Philistines were there; and there were upon the roof about three thousand men and women, that beheld whilst Samson made sport."

"And Samson called unto the Lord and said: 'O Lord God, remember me, I pray Thee, and strengthen me, I pray Thee, only this once, O God, that I may be at once avenged of the Philistines for my two eyes.'"

"And Samson took hold of the two middle pillars upon which the house rested, and leaned upon them, the one with his right hand, and the other with his left."

"And Samson said: 'Let me die with the Philistines.' And he bowed himself with all his might; and the house fell upon the lords, and upon all the people that were therein."

"So the dead which he slew at his death were more than they which he slew in his life."

A grand, an immortal story, and one that a maimed War Lord, who knows his Bible, might well seek to emulate. But the difference is this: Samson destroyed the home of his enemies—not his own home. And Samson died alone with his enemies; he did not drag his warriors into the grave with him, still less did he sacrifice his warriors and preserve his own life. Self-sacrifice, O Kaiser, is the only road to immortality!

"The Astonished Recruit."

In a certain town there dwelt two youths, one known as Archibald, and the other as Donald. And Archibald was tall and lithe and handsome, so that the maidens gazed upon him with favour; but Donald was short of stature and plain of countenance, so that the maidens looked askance at him, causing him much pain.

And it happened, on a day, that war broke out, and there was a call for soldiers. "Good," said Donald to himself; "I will go and be killed, for to that end I was born."

Now it so happened that, having dragged on his uniform, he slunk shyly down the street and met, by accident, a certain Gladys, of whom he was much enamoured. The rest of the story may be told in a triolet—

Gladys smiled and veiled her eyes—

Donald stood there merely blushing:

Sympathise with his surprise—

Gladys smiled and veiled her eyes!

Listen to the lad's surmise—

"Girls are always beastly crushing."

Gladys smiled! And veiled her eyes!

Donald? Stood there merely blushing!

THE NEEDLESS QUESTION.

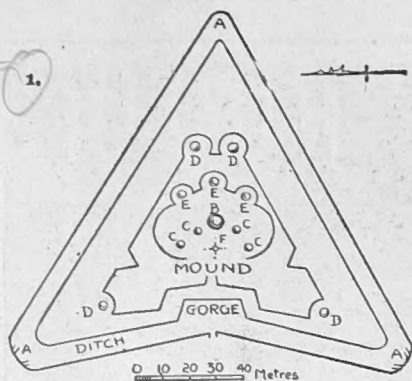


THE CUSTOMER : Will the colour run ?

THE ASSISTANT : Oh, no, Madam ; it's a khaki shade.

DRAWN BY NELLIE C. GEORGE.

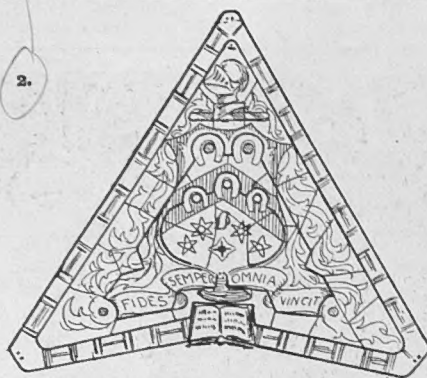
"B.P." AS SPY: THE ART OF DISGUIISING FORT DRAWINGS.



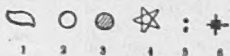
Here is another of the methods by which I concealed the plans of the forts I made.

First of all, I would sketch the plan as shown in the picture above giving the strength and positions of the various guns as shown below:

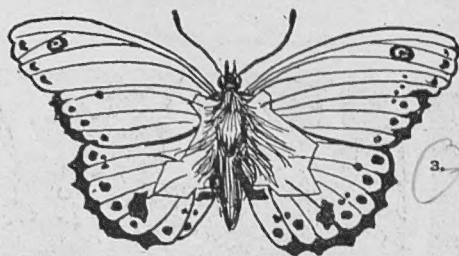
- A. Kaponiers with machine guns.
- B. 15 cm. gun cupola.
- C. 12 cm. guns cupolas.
- D. Q.-F. disappearing guns.
- E. Howitzer cupolas.
- F. Searchlight



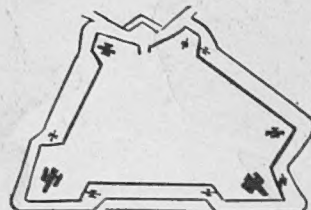
Having done this, I would consider the best method of concealing my plans. In this case I decided to transform the sketch into that of a stained glass window, and if you will carefully examine the picture above you will see how successfully this has been done. Certain of the decorations signify the sizes and positions of the guns. These signs are given below, together with their meaning.



- 1. 15 cm. gun.
- 2. Howitzers.
- 3. Q.-F. disappearing guns.
- 4. 12 cm. guns.
- 5. Machine guns.
- 6. Searchlight.



This sketch of a butterfly contains the outline of a fortress, and marks both the position and power of the guns. The marks on the wings between the lines mean nothing, but those on the lines show the nature and size of the guns, according to the keys below



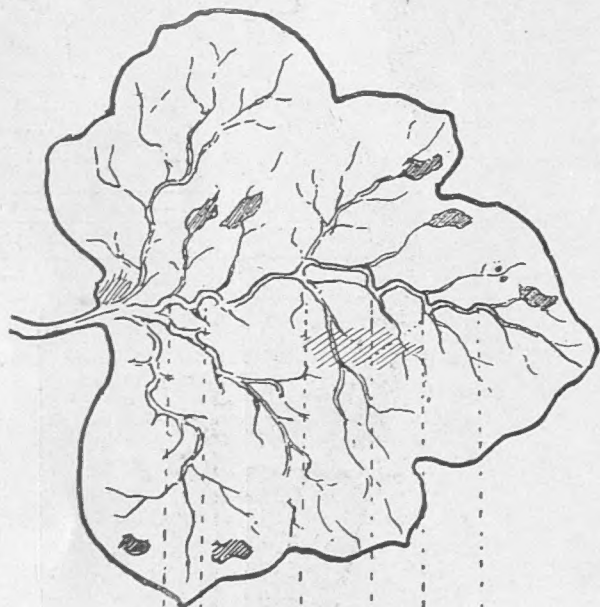
The marks on the wings reveal the shape of the fortress shown here and the size of the guns.

FORTRESS GUNS.

FIELD GUNS.

MACHINE GUNS.

The position of each gun is at the place inside the outline of the fort on the butterfly where the line marked with the spot ends. The head of the butterfly points towards the north.

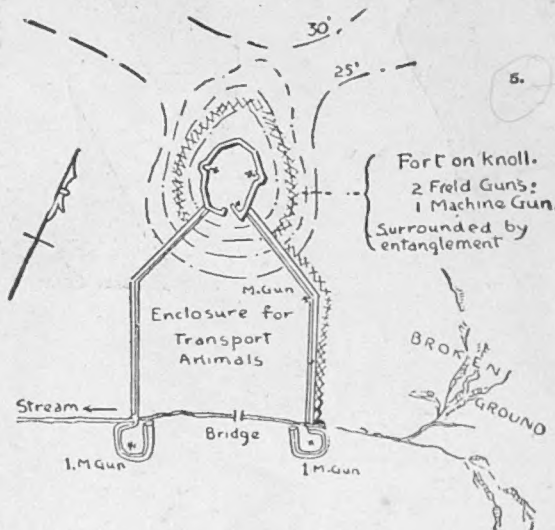


A smart piece of spy-work. Veins on an ivy leaf show the outline of the fort as seen looking west (Point of the leaf indicates north.)

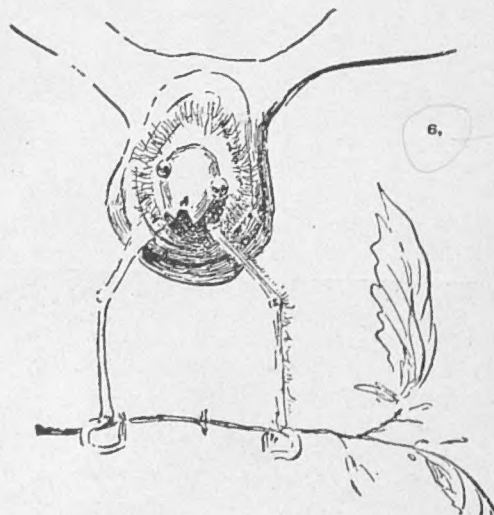
Shows "dead ground," where there is shelter from fire.

Shows machine guns.

Shows where big guns are mounted if a vein points to them.



Fort on knoll.
2 Field Guns.
1 Machine Gun.
Surrounded by entanglement



1. A SKETCH-PLAN OF A FORT, MADE BY LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL, THE CHIEF SCOUT.

2. THE SAME SKETCH OF A FORT TURNED INTO A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW; WITH MOST MEANING SIGNS.

3. A SKETCH OF A BUTTERFLY; AND THE PLAN OF A FORTRESS, WITH POSITION AND POWER OF GUNS, CONTAINED IN IT.

AN IVY-LEAF WHOSE VEINS SHOW THE OUTLINE OF A FORT—THE POINT OF THE LEAF INDICATES NORTH.

5. A SKETCH-PLAN OF A FORT.
6. THE SAME PLAN TURNED INTO THE "HEAD OF A DULA MOTH."

In a remarkably interesting book, "My Adventures as a Spy" (published by C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.), Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Baden-Powell tells many exceedingly interesting things, and illustrates them. One phase of his adventures, in the form of the disguising of plans of fortresses, we illustrate here, by courtesy of the publishers. It should be understood fully that the work contains various other illustrations and much fascinating matter, also, dealing with other subjects. With regard to the two illustrations at the bottom right-hand corner of our page, Sir Robert writes as follows:

"Another example of this method of making secret plans is shown here (in the upper of the two illustrations). This sketch was made, giving all the particulars that I wanted. I then decided to bury it in such a way that it could not be recognised as a fortress-plan: if I were caught by the military authorities. . . I finally decided on the sketch of the moth's head. Underneath in my note-book I wrote the following words: 'Head of Dula moth as seen through a magnifying-glass. Caught 19.5.12. Magnified about six times size of life' (meaning scale of six inches to the mile)."

THE DISTAFF SIDE: WIVES OF "MENTIONED" OFFICERS.



WIFE OF A MENTIONED OFFICER OF THE R.F.A.:
THE HON. MRS. HUGH E. THELLUSSON.



WIFE OF A MENTIONED OFFICER OF THE R.H.A.:
MRS. EDWARD BOYD MAXWELL.



WIFE OF A MENTIONED OFFICER OF HEADQUARTERS
STAFF: THE HON. MRS. WILFRED G. THESIGER.



WIFE OF THE TWICE-MENTIONED CHIEF OF HEAD-
QUARTERS STAFF: LADY MURRAY.

The Hon. Mrs. Hugh E. Thellusson is the wife of Major the Hon. Hugh E. Thellusson, R.F.A. (Brigade Ammunition Column), and is daughter of Brigadier-General Sir Robert Colleton, C.B. Major Thellusson is a brother of Lord Rendlesham.—Mrs. Edward Boyd Maxwell is the wife of Captain E. B. Maxwell, of the Royal Horse Artillery, and daughter of the late Sir Neville Lubbock, K.C.M.G., a brother of Lord Avebury. Captain Maxwell's name was amongst those mentioned in Field-Marshal Sir John French's recent despatch, "for gallant and distinguished service in the field."—The Hon. Mrs. Wilfred G.

Thesiger is the wife of Captain W. G. Thesiger, D.S.O., of the Headquarters Staff, brother of Lord Chelmsford.—Lady Murray is the wife of Major-General (temporary Lieutenant-General) Sir Archibald J. Murray, K.C.B., C.V.O., D.S.O., Colonel of the Inniskilling Fusiliers, Headquarters Staff, who is to be a Knight Commander of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. Lady Murray is a daughter of Colonel William Toke Dooner, J.P., of Ditton Place, near Maidstone. Sir Archibald Murray entered the service in 1879, at the age of nineteen.—[Photographs by Swaine.]

A KIRCHNER PICTURE.

In connection with the very charming picture by Mr. Raphael Kirchner which was published in the centre of our Supplement last week, our readers will no doubt be interested to know that the title put on it originally by the artist was "The Indian Shawl." The work, which is in the fascinating colour associated with Mr. Kirchner, was reproduced by special permission, and is on exhibition at the Bruton Galleries, 9, Bruton Street, Bond Street, W.

DALY'S Leicester Square, W. (Tel. Ger. 201.)
EVERY EVENING, at 8, MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' Production,
A COUNTRY GIRL,
MATINEES, WEDS. and SATS., at 2. SPECIAL REDUCED PRICES.

STRAND THEATRE. JULIA NEILSON & FRED TERRY.
Every Evening at 8. MISTRESS WILFUL. Mat., Wed. and Sat. 2.30.

EMPIRE. LIVING ART STUDIES.
"EUROPE," spectacular divertissement. "THE TRI-COLOR,"
And Special Variety Programme.
Evenings at 8. Sat. Mat. 2.30. General Manager, Charles B. Cochran.

THE LANGHAM HOTEL.

FAMILY HOTEL OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.

Unique Location in
PORTLAND PLACE & REGENT ST., W.
Modern Appointments.
Moderate Tariff. Inclusive Terms if desired.
Telegrams: "Langham, London."

POSITION
UNRIVAILED
IN
LONDON.

THE GUILDHALL SCHOOL OF MUSIC

JOHN CARPENTER STREET, VICTORIA EMBANKMENT, E.C.
ESTABLISHED BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

PRINCIPAL LONDON RONALD.

COMPLETE MUSICAL EDUCATION at inclusive fee. Private lessons in all musical subjects and Stage Training in Elocution, Gesture, Stage Dancing, Fencing, and Opera. Weekly Orchestral Practices are Conducted by the Principal. Prospectus and Syllabus of Local Centre and Local Schools Examinations (open to general public) free.
Tele. HOLBORN 1943. H. SAXE WYNDHAM, Secretary.

BRIGHTON ALL THE YEAR ROUND FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

THE "SOUTHERN BELLE" leaves VICTORIA 11.0 a.m. and 3.10 p.m. Week-days; and 11.0 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sundays. Returning from BRIGHTON 12.20 and 5.45 p.m. Week-days; and 5.0 and 9.30 p.m. Sundays. Day Return Tickets, 12s.
Other Trains to Brighton Week-days leave Victoria, 9.0, 10.5, 10.35, 11.40 a.m., 1.0 (Sats.), 1.55, 3.10, 3.40, 4.30, 5.35, 6.35, 7.15, 8.35, 9.55 p.m. and 12.5 midnight. Week-end Tickets issued Every Friday, Saturday, and Sunday.

Details of Supt. of Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge.

LONDON'S MOST RECENT HOTEL.

PALACE HOTEL,

BLOOMSBURY STREET (CORNER BEDFORD AVENUE), LONDON, W.C.
COMBINING THE BEST IDEAS IN HOTEL ORGANISATION WITH AN
EXCEPTIONALLY LOW TARIFF.

Select Location, five minutes from Euston, St. Pancras, and King's Cross. Most Central for Shops and Theatres of the West End and for the City.

250 ROOMS. FROM 4s. PER DAY. PRIVATE SUITES WITH BATHS,
FROM 3½ GUINEAS WEEKLY.

INCLUSIVE TERMS FROM 10s. 6d. PER DAY.

TABLE D'HOTE LUNCHEON, 1s. 6d. DINNER, 3s. AFTERNOON TEA SERVED
IN MAGNIFICENT CENTRAL LOUNGE, WITH PALACE ORCHESTRA, 9d.
Telephone: Museum 975. Proprietor: H. E. How.

Illustrated Tariff post free on application to Manager.

BOURNEMOUTH, NORFOLK HOTEL

First class in every detail.
Select clientèle, always well patronised.

CANFORD CLIFFS HOTEL (Near Bournemouth.)

The most beautiful and best equipped Hotel on the South Coast.
The favourite resort for English gentlefolk.

DUBLIN, HOTEL METROPOLE

(Next General Post Office). First Class. 100 Rooms.
Restaurant. Free Garage.

"A Week's Tours" around Dublin Post Free.

SENTRY AND POLICE DOGS.

MAJOR RICHARDSON'S SENTRY DOGS (AIREDALES) as supplied many battalions in France and home service—for night outpost duty, guarding camps, prisoners, detached posts, etc., 5 gns. POLICE DOGS (Airedales) as supplied Metropolitan and County Police—best protection against tramps, burglars. For yard or house, town or country, 5 gns., pups 2 gns. SCOTCH, ABERDEEN, FOX (Rough and Smooth), IRISH Terriers 5 gns., pups 2 gns., Blood-hounds 20 gns., pups 7 gns. GROVE END, HARROW. Tel. 423.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 9s. 3d.
Six Months, 14s. (or including Christmas Number), 15s. 3d.
Three Months, 7s. (or including Christmas Number), 8s. 3d.

CANADA.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £1 11s. 6d.
Six Months, 15s. 2d. (or with Christmas Number), 16s. 4d.
Three Months, 7s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 8s. 9d.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.

Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2.
Six Months, 19s. 6d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 1s.
Three Months, 9s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 11s. 3d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The Union of London and Smiths Bank, Limited," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"SEDITIONE POTENS": ABBAS HILMI, SOMETIME KHEDIVE OF EGYPT.*

The Age of Prince Abbas.

On the title-page of his study of Abbas II., sometime Khedive of Egypt, Lord Cromer places the quotation: "O Father Zeus, hast thou indeed ever yet afflicted with such infatuation any one of the mighty Kings, and so deprived him of high renown?" The choice was good. Everything in the book proves it. The eldest son of Tewfik has not shown wisdom, and has fallen. None, knowing, can be surprised. When his accession was deemed the advisable thing there was a question some, at least, must now regret was answered as it was. "The Firman fixed the age of majority at eighteen. Was Prince Abbas of age? No one knew the precise date of his birth. At last an old Turk, who had been for many years in the service of Tewfik Pasha, was found; from him we elicited the fact that Prince Abbas was born on July 14, 1874. He was thus still a minor. He would only attain his majority on July 14, 1892. The Firman provided that a Council of Regency should be appointed in the event of the Khedive being a minor; but it was desirable to avoid an interregnum. . . . When, therefore, someone whispered that the age of a Mohammedan Prince should be calculated according to the Mohammedan calendar, in virtue of which the year consists only of 354 days, I jumped at the suggestion. Under this calculation Prince Abbas had attained his majority on Dec. 24, 1891—that is to say, fourteen days before the death of his father."

Khedivialism.

So Abbas was nominated by the Sultan of Turkey and proclaimed Khedive of Egypt. Lord Cromer decided speedily that the new ruler was going to be very Egyptian. He was right, but found before long that the young Prince's idea of being Egyptian was Khedivialism in its most petulant form. "An inexperienced youth of eighteen, fresh from the scholastically sound but rather narrow training of an Austrian college," Abbas "took little real interest in any matters which affected the welfare of the Egyptian population . . . his ebullitions of patriotism were generally reserved for occasions when some imaginary slight had been inflicted on himself . . . his character was overbearing and arbitrary . . . he was unjust in the exercise of such authority as he possessed." In other words, he had begun to lose his head, not realising, or not choosing to realise, that Egypt was held together neither by the Khedive nor by his nominal master the Sultan, but by Great Britain, which was seeing to it that the safe jog-trot advance of the land and its people did not become the dangerous, the disastrous, gallop so-called Nationalists advocate, not at all for their country's good. A lesson was needed, and given. The strong hand took the reins, and the Mustapha Fehmi crisis passed. The sequel called for a lesson. Tolerance could be overdone. Little was wanting to place the Khedive in the position of an anti-foreign and anti-Christian Egyptian patriot. The British garrison was reinforced.

Testing Constantinople.

A year, and another lesson was needed. From being Turcophobe at the beginning of his reign, Abbas was now not only Anglophobe as, in varying degree, before, but Turcophile. He visited Constantinople, representing the "hardness" of the British occupation. At the same time a deputation of Egyptian Sheikhs went to petition the Sultan in his quality of Khalif. Both missions failed. The Notables were not even received; and the Sultan was "paternal" with the Khedive. A little while, and Abbas insulted British officers and sought to sow dissension in the ranks of the Egyptian Army. Kitchener resigned. The Khedive had to change his tone. "He learnt that it was useless openly to resist British policy in Egypt." And honestly Britain has continued her trusteeship: none can deny fairly that, without her aid, Egypt could not have been as she is now—a prosperous, fertile land.

No "Incidents"; and a Summing-up.

Let it be added, in conclusion, that Lord Cromer, essentially fair, is ever willing to concede Abbas his good points. He denies that there were any "incidents" between them. "Abbas II., who is very well mannered," he writes, "always treated me with the utmost courtesy, and I trust that, on my part, I was never wanting in that outward deference which constituted a legitimate prerogative of his high position." That tradition was carried on to the last—to the day on which Abbas Hilmi threw in his lot with our present enemies and so forfeited his rulership, giving way perforce to a Prince of the House of Mehemet Ali whom Lord Cromer believes to possess all the qualifications necessary to fill the high office to which he has been called with advantage to the people over whom he will rule. A judgment very different from that he metes out to the ex-Khedive: "He was 'seditione potens' . . . a master of petty intrigue, and was so wedded to tortuous courses that he was incapable of steadfastly pursuing for long any really loyal and straightforward course of action. . . . I felt very strongly that, if he were allowed to pursue his way unchecked, the civilising work which Great Britain has undertaken in Egypt would be gradually undermined, that corruption of various sorts would again become rampant."—A very valuable contribution to history, this lifting of the veil; and one as entertaining as it is instructive.

* "Abbas II." By the Earl of Cromer. (Macmillan; 2s. 6d.)



THE CLUBMAN

THE WELSH GUARDS: BUTTONS, BADGES, AND PLUMES OF THE GUARDS BRIGADE.

The Welsh Guards.

In times of peace the raising of a new regiment of the Guards would have received a great deal more attention than has been given it during these troublous times of war. The suggestion that Wales, as well as England, Scotland, and Ireland, should have her regiment of Guards is by no means a new one, but Wales has always been looked upon as one of the special recruiting-grounds for the Grenadier Guards, and this has been a principal cause why a Welsh regiment of Guards has not been raised until now. The nucleus of the Welsh Guards has already been formed by volunteers from the reserve battalions of the Grenadiers, and I fancy that many of the officers for the new regiment will also come from the Grenadiers. Colonel Murray-Threipland, an ex-Grenadier Guardsman, who has come back to the colours for the war and who is raising the Welsh Guards, is a Scotsman, but he married a Welsh lady, and is as well known in the Principality as he is north of the Tweed.

The Raising of the Guards Regiments.

The fifth regiment of Guards will have all its history to make. The Irish Guards, who were brought into existence by Queen Victoria's admiration for the courage of the Irish regiments in the South African War, is making its history now in Flanders; and the three other Guards regiments—the Grenadiers, the Coldstreamers, and the Scots—all have very long rolls of battle honours. The Grenadier Guards were raised in 1660, and the regiment incorporated into itself the old Royalist soldiers who had fought splendidly, when King Charles was in exile, at the Battle of the Dunes near Dunkirk. When General Monk left his headquarters at Coldstream on Jan. 1, 1660, he took with him his own regiment of Foot, who had been raised in 1650, and, as the Lord-General's regiment, it was ordered by the King on his Restoration to take post next after the Royal Guards, who became the "1st Guards." The Scots Guards date from this same wonderful year of the Restoration, and were brought to their full strength in 1662. The first memorandum in the English State Paper Office concerning them notes that the men claimed tenpence a day, a carefulness concerning the bawbees which marks them as being Scottish.

A Matter of Buttons.

The coming into existence of the Welsh Guards will raise all manner of questions as to uniform which will keep all our military men-milliners and all our authorities on Heraldry busy for a time. The arrangement of the buttons on the front of the tunics of the Guards varies with each regiment. The Grenadiers wear their nine buttons at equal intervals, the Coldstreamers wear their ten buttons in groups of two, the Scots Guards wear their nine buttons three

and three, and the Irish Guards wear their ten buttons four and four and two. It is evidently the turn of the Welsh Guards to have nine buttons; but unless the authorities break the sequence and give them ten in two groups of five, the symmetry of the arrangement will be spoiled.

The Importance of Badges.

Of course, all the Guards regiments have their distinctive badges, and some of them have more than one. The Grenadiers are content with the grenade—a badge which is also worn by most Fusilier regiments and by the Royal Engineers. The Coldstream Guards have as a badge the Star of the Garter. The Scots Guards have a Thistle and Star of the Order of the Thistle as their badges; and the Irish Guards have as badges the Star of St. Patrick, the Shamrock, and the Harp and Crown. Wales has no Order of Chivalry whose Star can be used, but a Star of the Order of the Bath might very well be given to the regiment. The badge of the Principality is the Dragon—a dragon which differs from that of the City of London; and, of course, the three plumes of the Prince of Wales also appertain to the Principality.

The Plumes.

The colour of the plume and the colour of the cap-band of the new regiment are also matters to be settled. The Grenadiers wear a white goat's-hair plume on the left side of their bearskins, and a goat's-hair plume would certainly be appropriate for a Welsh regiment. The Coldstreamers wear a scarlet plume of cut feathers on the right side of the bearskin, the Irish wear a cut-feather plume of Patrick blue on the same side of the bearskin, and the Scots Guards have no plume at all. What the Welsh national colour is I do not know, and every Welshman I have asked has told me a different colour. White, red, green, and the chessboard pattern of the Scots Guards are out of the running for the cap-bands of the new regiment, and if Wales can lay any claim to orange as a colour, that would probably be the best colour for the bands of the caps and for the plumes.

Other Details.

There are other details in dress and accoutrements and horse-furniture which will have to be settled early in the existence of the new regiment. The position and number of bars of embroidery on the skirt and sleeve-flaps varies in the Guards regiments. The saddle-cloths of the mounted officers have differences, and each regiment has a differently ornamented bit for its horses. The Grenadier Guards have Greek-pattern buckles for the reins, the horses of the mounted officers of the Coldstreamers champ "sham Hanoverian bits," and the Scots and the Irish mounted officers each have their own special horse-furniture.



"THE GREATEST TRANSPORT OFFICER SINCE NOAH": MR. GRAEME THOMSON, HAILED BY THE FIRST LORD AS "ONE OF THE DISCOVERIES OF THE WAR."

Mr. Churchill said in his speech on the Navy the other day, with regard to its wonderful conveying feats, "credit for these arrangements lies very largely with the Head of the Admiralty Transport Department, Mr. Graeme Thomson, one of the discoveries of the war." Mr. Thomson has risen rapidly to his present position. In November he was a Superintending Clerk, and he has since been made, first, Assistant Director, and then Director, of Naval Transport. He controls a fleet of some 1200 ships, and he has been called "the greatest transport officer since Noah," just as Sir George White called Sir Edward Ward, late Secretary of the War Office, "the greatest commissariat officer since Moses."

Photograph by Central Press.

WAR—AND SPORT: A TRIO OF THINGS CURIOUS.



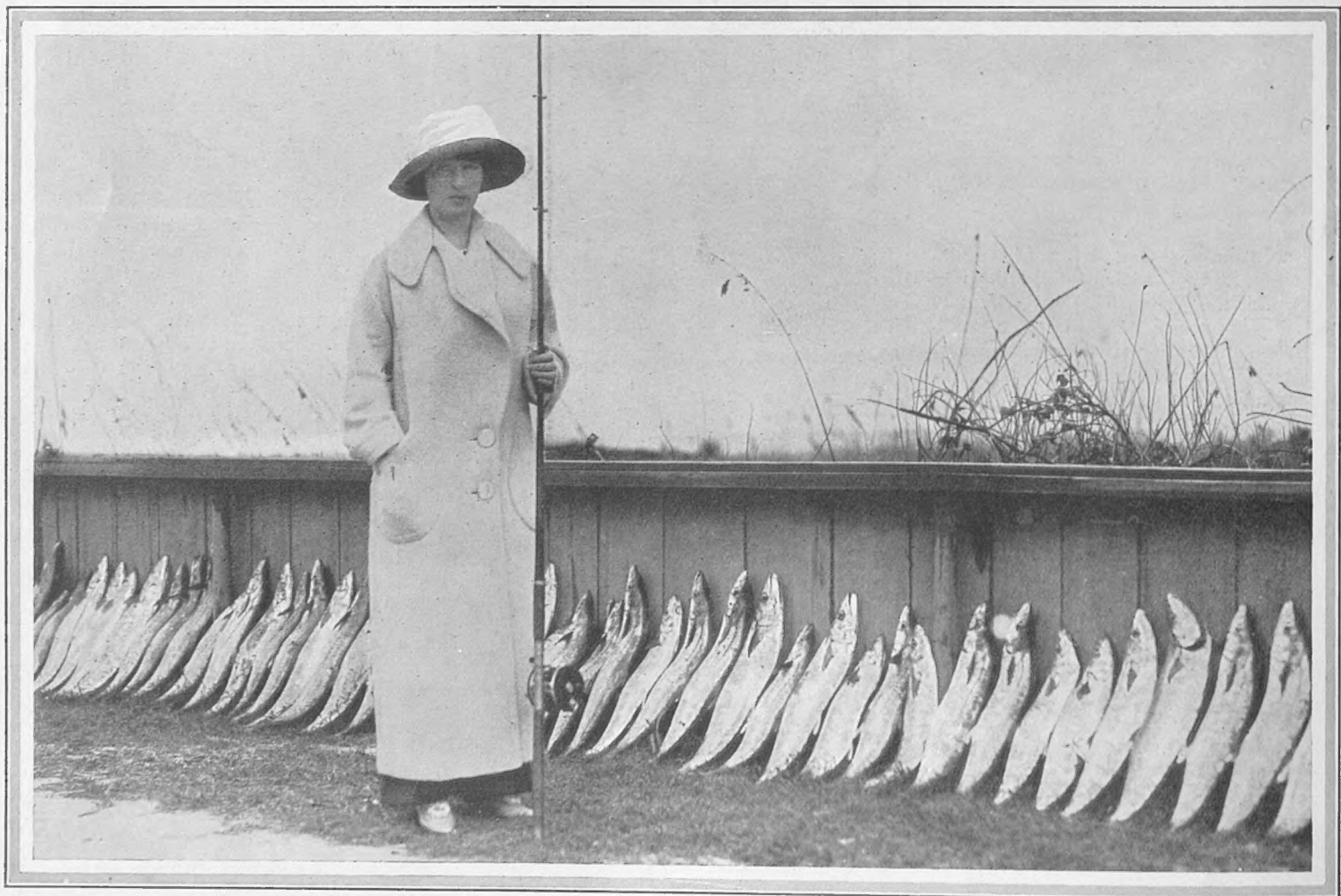
A 5000-DOLLAR CURIO EXCHANGED FOR A SUIT OF WHITE FLANNELS! A LOOTED STATUETTE FROM MEXICO CATHEDRAL.

This sixteenth-century carving, has been one of the treasures of the Cathedral of Mexico City for three hundred and fifty years. It was looted from there recently by one of the Mexican General Villa's officers, who sold it to an American commercial agent for a suit of flannels.—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]



FROM THE FRONT IN FRANCE TO SEE THE COURSING FOR THE WATERLOO CUP: INDIAN OFFICERS AT ALTAR.

Khaki was a feature at Altcar this year, a number of officers on leave from the front managing by good luck, motor-cars, and skilful reading of railway time-tables, to put in an appearance. Among them were the Indian officers seen in our illustration, who were keenly interested in the sport. The two in front are Captain Mohammed Hayat Khan, of the 18th (King George's Own) Lancers, and Lieutenant Muntaz Mohammed Khan, of the 9th (Secunderabad) Cavalry Brigade.—[*Photograph by L.N.A.*]



THE CATCH OF THE SEASON AT THE U.S. WINTER WATERING-PLACE, PALM BEACH, FLORIDA: MRS. EDWARD B. McLEAN AND HER "BAG" OF KING-FISH.

Palm Beach is on the Atlantic Coast of Florida, and a watering-place visited for its mild climate in winter by Society from the States. Among the people staying there for this season's rod-and-line fishing is Mrs. Edward B. McLean. The game and gallant king-fish,

which affords excellent sport, has been in much favour. The catch of the season, and Mrs. Edward B. McLean, the enthusiastic sportswoman who made it, are shown here.—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—



LORD HALDANE—FOR BEING "DEAD TO GERMANY" AND DRAPED IN CRAPE, AT GÖTTINGEN.



SERGEANT MICHAEL O'LEARY—FOR CAPTURING A GERMAN POSITION "BY HIMSELF" AND THEREBY WINNING THE V.C.



THE DUKE OF PORTLAND—FOR MAKING A GRAND STAND AGAINST EVICTING WOUNDED FROM EPSOM.



PRINCESS A. KARAGEORGEVITCH—FOR CROSSING TO LONDON FOR THE SERBIAN RED CROSS, DESPITE "PIRATES."



CAPTAIN O. WATT—FOR BEING THE FIRST AUSTRALIAN TO WIN THE LEGION OF HONOUR MILITARY CROSS.



THE BRITISH SOLDIER—FOR HAVING "INVESTED" IN A PORTABLE CHESS AND DRAUGHTS BOARD.



LIEUT. A. MARTIN LEAKE, R.A.M.C.—FOR MAKING A HABIT OF WINNING THE V.C.—AND HAVING THE ONLY CLASP.



THE GREAT AUK—FOR HUMBLING ITSELF IN A-BASEMENT SAFE FROM GERMAN "WILD DUCKS."

A portrait of Lord Haldane at Göttingen, where he was once a student, has been draped in crape, and the words "Dead to Germany," painted across it.—Sergeant (formerly Lance-Corporal) Michael O'Leary, of the 1st Batt. Irish Guards, won the V.C. for gallantry at Cuinchy, where he led an attack and (in the official words) "practically captured the enemy's position by himself."—The Duke of Portland wrote to the "Times" recently, as a racehorse-owner of thirty years' standing, to protest against the proposed removal of wounded soldiers from the Epsom Grand Stand annex.—Prince and Princess A. Karageorgevitch of Serbia recently arrived in London to raise funds for the Serbian Red Cross.—

Captain Oswald Watt, of the Australian Army, being in Paris when war began, volunteered for the French aviation service, and has done fine work near Soissons. He was recently decorated by General Joffre with the Military Cross of the Legion of Honour.—Lieut. A. Martin Leake, R.A.M.C., won the V.C. in the Boer War, and has now won it again. He therefore has a clasp attached to his Cross—the first one recorded in its history. Others have received the V.C. for several acts of valour, but there seems to be no previous case of a clasp.—The extinct Great Auk and her egg at the Natural History Museum have been placed in the basement in case of fire caused by German air-craft.

THE WAR AND THE ALTAR: ENGAGEMENTS AND WEDDINGS.



MISS MARGARET CAYLEY: TO MARRY
COMMANDER ERNEST H. RIDEOUT, R.N.



MISS N. PEARSON: TO MARRY MR. R.
NICHOLSON.



MRS. JOHN ERIC ROLLO: FORMERLY
MISS HELEN CHETWYND-STAPLETON.



MISS RUBY CLARK: TO MARRY
MR. CLIVE NATHAN BAILLIEU.



MRS. CORNELIS W. DRESSELHUYS:
FORMERLY MISS EDITH MERAUDON.



MRS. C. H. LEVESON: FORMERLY MISS
ANNIE MARGUERITE LOMER.



MISS ROSALIND WINGFIELD-STRATFORD:
TO MARRY LT. C. I. BLACKBURNE-MAZE.



MISS LEONORE GARDINER: TO MARRY
MAJOR R. L. BARTON.



MISS DAPHNE K. ENGLAND: TO MARRY
2ND-LT. BERNARD L. A. KENNETT.

Miss Cayley is daughter of Sir Everard and Lady Mary Cayley, and Commander Rideout is only son of the late Major-General Arthur Kennedy Rideout.—Miss Pearson is daughter of Mr. F. S. Pearson, of Kingston Hill, and Mr. R. Nicholson is manager of the "Times."—Mrs. Rollo was Miss Helen Chetwynd-Stapleton, daughter of Mr. Chetwynd-Stapleton, and Lieut. John Eric Rollo, Black Watch, is son of the Hon. Eric and Mrs. Rollo.—Miss Ruby Clark is daughter of Mr. Clark, of Newbury, and Mr. Clive Nathan Baillieu is eldest son of the Hon. W. L. Baillieu, of Toorak, Melbourne.—Mrs. Cornelis W. Dresselhuys was Miss Edith Meraudon, daughter of Mr. Emile Meraudon, of Mauritius, and Mr. C. W. Dresselhuys is son of Mr. Dresselhuys,

Culenburg, Holland.—Mrs. Leveson was Miss Annie Marguerite Lomer, daughter of the late C. Wilson Lomer, and Major C. H. Leveson, D.S.O., is in the 18th Hussars.—Miss Rosalind Wingfield-Stratford is daughter of Brigadier-General Cecil Wingfield-Stratford, and Lieutenant Cecil Ireland Blackburne-Maze is in the Royal West Kent Regiment.—Miss Leonore Gardiner is daughter of Major-General Gardiner, and Major R. L. Barton, of the Royal Garrison Artillery, is second son of Mr. C. A. Barton, of Hyde Park Place.—Miss Daphne K. England is only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. Fuller England, Winchester, and Second Lieutenant Bernard L. A. Kennett, Border Regiment, is son of the Rev. Robert H. Kennett, Canon of Ely.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 7, by Swaine; Nos. 2 and 5, by Rita Martin; Nos. 3, 4, and 6, by Lallie Charles; and Nos. 8 and 9, by Sarony.

POIRET—NOT IN A POIRET CREATION; AND POIRET DRESSES.



A FAMOUS DRESSMAKER AS A FRENCH PRIVATE; AND SOME OF HIS LATEST GOWNS: M. PAUL POIRET
IN HIS UNIFORM; AND DRESSES BY HIM FOR "VENUS, LTD."

The art of dress is practised with such daring by M. Paul Poiret, the famous Paris dressmaker, that one is inclined to think that his motto must be "L'audace, l'audace, encore l'audace!" and the gowns which he has created for the new revue, "Venus, Ltd.," at the Palladium, show all the courage of his opinions. They are "futuristic" and *bizarre* as usual, and the charm of colour and the grace of the wearer will be added to the spirit of the design. M. Poiret, like Robert Herrick, might chant in his intervals of dress-designing and drilling (for he is serving as a private in the French

Army)—"A winning wave deserving note, In the tempestuous petticoat, A careless shoe-string in whose tie I see a wild civility—Do more bewitch me, than when art is too precise in every part." With Mr. Ernest Rolls as author, Mr. Max Darewski as composer, and the unique Poiret creations to captivate the eye, "Venus, Ltd.," should spell success. Everyone may not succumb to the charm of the glorified lamp-shade idea, but—there are others, the beauty of which is as undeniable as M. Poiret's courage.—[Photographs by Campbell Gray]



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MURRAY-THREIPLAND.

THE King, in sanctioning the formation of a battalion of Welsh Guards, was pleased to name Lieutenant-Colonel Murray-Threipland as the officer upon whom will fall the pleasant task of raising the new battalion. It was with this officer that his Majesty discussed the details of the scheme, and it is largely owing to his initiative that the battalion will come into existence at this most appropriate moment. A man less sure of his ground and less quick to move might have been content with the "after the war" phrase that relegates so many good resolutions to the nebulous new year. In some senses the affairs of "The Brigade" come under the category of ornamental military business. The formalities of the Palace Yard are, in its case, added to those of the parade-ground; the Brigade is hedged about with the extra rules and regulations proper to so august a body; and the strict standards observed in its recruiting-station might have been regarded in themselves as one good reason for delay.

The Virtue of Now. But Colonel Murray-Threipland has a sense of historic time—and lucky moments. As an old Grenadier Guardsman, with three campaigns to his credit (let it be said in passing that he is one of the most youthful of veterans), he knows the value of active service in the making or re-making of a regiment. After the Boer War a third battalion was added to the Coldstream Guards and to the Scots Guards, and a single battalion regiment of Irish Guards was also raised to commemorate the valour of the Irish infantry at Colenso and in other important engagements. Commemoration, however, is not so good a word as anticipation. For several reasons, political and otherwise, one at least of those battalions did not flourish, and the 3rd Scots Guards was disbanded. That no power on earth will be sufficient in years to come to disband a Welsh Guard raised at this time of crisis and great deeds is obvious to anybody who knows the temper and traditions of the British Army.

"Much Care and Valour." It is not the first time that the idea of the Welsh Guards has been mooted. Mr. Llewellyn Williams, Member for Carmarthen District, points out that the idea, as an idea (and there is revealed the poetry of the Celt), existed long before the Coldstream Guards or the Scots Guards were so much as thought of. In 1557, Queen Mary, uncertain of her safety as a Tudor monarch, thought out a way of surrounding herself with troops from Wales, her own country. Her plan coming to nought, it is, happily, left to a time of more universal loyalty to witness the raising of the Welsh Guards. "There is much care and valour in this Welshman," said Henry V. of one of his captains. George V. can say

the same of Colonel Murray-Threipland—with one reservation. He is not a Welshman!

Scott-Kerr, the Scot.

Only recently his brother-officers had to pull themselves up and learn to call him by an unfamiliar style. Most of his soldiering has been done under the name of Scott-Kerr, but on the death of his cousin-german, Sir Patrick Murray-Threipland, he took over the estates of Fingask and Kinnaird, in Perthshire, and Dale and Toftingall, in Caithness, and with them renounced his patronymic. But whichever way you have him he is a Scot. Apart from a certain fondness for Eccleston Square and for the Guards' Club, his preference is for residence in the North, where he has his castle and his trout-streams. Educated at Fettes, he loves his Edinburgh, and is a true-blue Stevensonian. His first commission was in the Black Watch; he served in the Soudan with the Grenadiers; and after the Boer War was appointed to the command of the 4th Battalion of the King's Own Scottish Borderers. At the outbreak of the present war he rejoined his old regiment. In none of this do we succeed in finding the link with Wales. It will come.



RAISING THE WELSH GUARDS: LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WILLIAM MURRAY-THREIPLAND.

Lieutenant-Colonel Murray-Threipland is the officer authorised to raise the battalion of Welsh Guards. He is a Scot; and inherited estates in Scotland from the late Sir Patrick Murray-Threipland, whose name he took. His wife is Welsh; youngest daughter and co-heiress of Mr. William Wyndham Lewis, D.L., of The Heath, Glamorgan.

Photograph by Langfrier.

The Lady— The Colonel is, first of all, a Guardsman, and his ability and enthusiasm as an officer of the Brigade are sufficient reasons for his selection as organiser of the new Battalion. But if we may inquire into his particular concern with Wales, we must confess that we discover it in—his wife! In 1899 he married a Welsh lady, the daughter of Mr. William Wyndham Lewis, of Glamorgan. "My wife can speak no English—I no Welsh," said Shakespeare's Earl of March. A happier understanding exists between this modern couple: who knows but what the lady has done her share in the furthering of the great project?

—And the Leek. Lastly, the leek will out! Admirable as a vegetable, there is ever some difference of opinion in regard to its value as an emblem. But how easily, in

these times, are little prejudices turned to large enthusiasms! The quality which we admire on the fields of France as Irish patriotism would, but a few months ago, have passed for nothing but Pat-riotism. And the leek, to Pistol an object ridiculous and offensive, must again figure as an honourable badge won long ago by the Welshmen "in a most prave pattle here in France." "In a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps," they did good service. The leek, not Pistol, wins the day in the play; and we hope the carping of the Pistols of the present century will likewise be put down. There is no use for it in such times as these.

"MRS. LEOPOLD" IN COMMAND: LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS.



1. LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS, OF WHICH MRS. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD HAS TAKEN COMMAND: AT THE FORD ON THE WAY TO THE MEET.

2. A FOLLOWER OF LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS: LADY DALMENY, WHOSE HUSBAND IS AT THE FRONT.

3. IN COMMAND OF LORD ROTHSCHILD'S STAGHOUNDS, THE SONS OF THE JOINT-MASTERS BEING AT THE FRONT: MRS. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD, ARRIVING.

That the war, with its call to duty of all officers, should interfere seriously with sport, is inevitable, but, so long as Jorrocks' "nasty stinkin' violets" have not sprung up to put hounds off the scent, good lovers of hunting, such as Lord Rothschild, are determined to make "meets as usual," or as nearly as usual as may be, their motto. The sons of the Joint Masters, Lord Rothschild and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, are at

the front with their regiments, and at a recent meet of Lord Rothschild's staghounds, a sign of the times was the fact that Mrs. Leopold de Rothschild was in command of the Hunt. Among the most ardent followers of the hounds is Lady Dalmeny, whose husband is with his regiment at the front. The "Sportsman's Battalion" is another proof that good sportsmen make good soldiers—[Photographs by J. T. Newman.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Grand Duke Michael has seen many changes of English opinion in regard to Russia during his long stay in this country, and has been equally alive to the ups and downs of Russian feeling for England. With the passage of years, as he became more and more surely a practising Englishman, he found himself more and more infected with the mood of his adopted country;



ENGAGED: MISS MARY GRANT AND LIEUTENANT DOUGLAS M. B. HALL.

Lieutenant Hall is the only son of Mr. Douglas Hall, M.P., and Mrs. Hall, of Burton Park, Petworth, and is in the Coldstream Guards. Miss Grant is the only daughter of Captain W. A. Grant, late 13th Hussars, and Mrs. Grant, of Westergate House, Arundel.

Photographs by Swaine.

and when the imperial ban, dating from the time of his morganatic marriage, was removed by his cousin the Tsar some little while ago, he was disinclined to return to Russia. But now, for the first time, he is intimately affected by the closeness of the bonds between Petrograd and London. If the Tsar, by some special mark of favour, completed the reconciliation between himself and the banished Duke, it would be regarded as an especially well-timed compliment to the most popular Russian and most popular foreigner in England.

Under Two Flags. The Grand Duke's patriotism as a Russian is naturally stimulated by his loyalty to England. The two feelings work one on another; and even his daughters, who are fonder of London than of any place in the world, are conscious of the two-flag enthusiasm. Their feeling for Tsardom comes to them from both sides, for the Countess Torby is herself a Russian and the grand-daughter of the most Russian of all beings—a patriotic poet. Pushkin was her mother's father.

"No. 1, Gerard." Existence in Berlin, for the time being, is rather more interesting than in any other city in the world, and the American Embassy there is very close to the troubled heart of things. The Embassy serves as an exchange for all sorts of international messages that have no chance of getting through elsewhere, and the presiding genius of the switchboard is the Ambassador. Mr. Gerard is well equipped. He has system and

with a fine athletic record, a lot of muscle, and, seemingly, a head capable of doing the work of an old-established business man, a politician, and a judge in one, but who retains many characteristics of the college boy until the end. Mr. Gerard is a member or the president of half-a-dozen law societies, he has been a Supreme Court Judge, belongs to the N.Y. Yacht Club, is a great rider, has his headquarters in Fifth Avenue, and is in all his habits and preferences very much of a New Yorker.

A Qualified Seaman.

The Duke of Manchester, gazetted as Lieutenant in the R.N.R., has done enough sailing to feel that he will be useful in that branch of the Service. As with many all-round sportsmen, the R.N.R. appeals to him as a "chancy" opening; it may call on all or any of the talents. Whether a man possesses a single accomplishment or several, the Admiralty, it is thought, makes the most of him. On the principle that nobody can ride until he has been thrown, the Duke can claim one special qualification as a sailor—he has been wrecked. This happened on the coast of Columbia, when he and his wife were yachting with Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt. Theirs was one of the earliest rescues put to the credit of wireless.

His Grace's Ambition.

The Duke of Manchester's yachting has not always been aboard such boats as the Vanderbilt *Warrior*. He has enjoyed himself, but without the luxury of a wreck, in smaller and humbler craft. Although his mother, with the Yznaga millions at her back, was one of the richest women in the world, his tastes as a sportsman have not been recklessly expensive, nor is it likely that his wife's accession to the Zimmerman fortune will make him look more fondly on the soft side of sport. A converted trawler and ship's biscuit in the North Sea are at present the height of his ambition.

Kim and the Lady.

The Duke—who gets his familiar name of Kim not from Kipling's hero, but from Kimbolton—takes more than an average man's interest in the conduct of the blockade and in the American aspect of the situation. Through Consuelo Yznaga, who became his mother, he has a family feeling for Louisiana and California; and through Helena Zimmerman, who became his wife, Cincinnati gains a place in his affections. His wooing, according to a legend of the house of Montagu, was perfectly American. He first met the Duchess dressed as the "Belle of New York" at a ball in the States, and delightfully she maintains that character even among the Vandykes of Kimbolton Castle.



WIFE OF A NEW IRISH KNIGHT: LADY CALLAGHAN.

Just before his Excellency left Ireland, the ex-Lord Lieutenant, Lord Aberdeen, by command of his Majesty, conferred the honour of knighthood on four Dublin gentlemen, among them being Mr. Alfred J. Callaghan, husband of the lady whose portrait we give. Sir Alfred Callaghan is an LL.D. of Dublin University, a member of the Irish and English Bars, a Justice of the Peace for Dublin, and is retiring from the position of Secretary of the City of Dublin Steam Packet Company. Lady Callaghan is the youngest daughter of the late Charles Knighton Warren, of St. John's Wood.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A MILITARY MARRIAGE: LIEUTENANT H. J. COLLINS AND MISS QUEENIE SKINNER.

Miss Queenie Skinner, whose marriage with Lieutenant H. J. Collins was arranged to take place last week, is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Skinner, Grove House, Dulwich Common. Lieutenant Collins is in the 3rd Hampshire Regiment, and the Royal Flying Corps, and is the son of Mrs. Collins, of Coombland, Sussex.

sureness (resulting from long association with the law) sufficient to impress the Germans, and enough confidence in the essential rightness of American policy to carry him happily through a difficult year.

Typical. According to the reference-books, Mr. Gerard is young for his office; but, the reference-books apart, there is no good reason why he should be tied down to any age in particular. He is the sort of American who leaves college

New German Fairy Tales.



II. "THE SLEEPING BEAUTY."

DRAWN BY G. E. STUDDY.



GENERAL French's brief record of Cardinal Bourne's visit to France may be supplemented by the account of an officer who met the Prelate near the British lines. The Cardinal was for going into the danger-zone; the officer into whose care the Cardinal had been committed was against it. "The shells are dropping all along that road," the military man explained, "and if we went on, the car would stand a very good chance of being hit, and your Eminence of being killed." "I would not object to making a paragraph in the history of the war," said the smiling Cardinal, still anxious to go forward. "But what about me?" asked the other, with a laugh. "If I neglected my duty and led you into danger I shouldn't deserve even a footnote."

The Khaki Calf. An officer has solved the problem of literature for the front. He has torn the essential pages from twenty or thirty of his favourite volumes in "Everyman's Library," and taken them to Riviere's to be bound into one slim book in khaki-coloured calf. For the next few months that little volume will be worth much more to him than his British Museum Reading-Room ticket.

The Head Hedges. How much can you print about the heroism of a living officer without mortally offending him? Such was the question that perplexed the Head of Eton the other day when he came to edit for the school chronicle the story of Second-Lieutenant Osmond Williams, D.S.O. The Head hedged;

he printed the story, but gave no name. One wonders if by so doing he really saved the situation, and his hero's blushes.

The Lieutenant's Lady.

Of course, the Head knew that everybody would know his secret. His account of the nameless officer contained an extract from the *Gazette* recording the events of the night of Oct. 31, when Mr. Osmond Williams accounted for eleven of the enemy single-handed. Apart from this, it would take more cunning than the Head possesses to write much about Mr. Osmond Williams without disclosing the identity of so popular an officer. Eton has no monopoly; London knows him well. It knows, too, his



AN INSPIRING PICTURE: LADY SWAYTHLING AND HER ELDEST SON.

We give a new "firelight study" of Lady Swaythling and the Hon. Stuart Samuel-Montagu, her eldest son, who, although only in his seventeenth year, is in khaki—a detail which speaks for itself. Photograph by Sarony.

charming wife, Lady Gladys Osmond Williams. Shortly before her own marriage she acted as one of the bevy of famously beautiful bridesmaids for the marriage of her brother, Viscount Maidstone,

with Miss Drexel. Another of those maids—Miss Sybil Fellowes—was lately on the engagement lists.

The Boom.

Sir Thomas Lipton's narrow escape in Belgrade recalls a less distressful event in the early and happier days of *Shamrock-ing*. In Belgrade one of Sir Thomas's hosts was killed, but in the accident on board the racer during an inspection by Edward VII. neither guest nor host was injured. The mast collapsed, and fell within a few feet of the King. The only calamity, Sir Thomas said, was that he forgot his manners in the excitement, and lit a fresh cigar without offering a match to his Majesty. The papers, naturally, were full of the narrowness of the escape. As a nautical wit put it, "The mast was lost, but the boom was all right."

The Benson Will.

Mr. A. C. Benson does well to make clear the somewhat obscure working of the probate proceedings in respect to his brother's will. To the man in the street the decision of the Court seemed to achieve nothing save the jeopardising of Monsignor Benson's disposition of his property. It is always difficult to rid the popular conception of a will case of misunderstandings bred by the multitudinous romances (issued at anything from one penny to four-and-six) connected with the subject. In this instance it was just probable that persons wholly unacquainted with Mr. Benson, or with Magdalene, or, let us say, with the entire spirit of Mr. Benson's Cambridge, would imagine that he had taken advantage of his dead brother on a minute point of law. Had that been possible, the whole Benson legend would have evaporated, and "Max" would have been obliged to re-write his delightful parody "Out of Harm's Way."

For Short.

A long war means short speech. Abbreviations are again the fashion, and men and things are everywhere known by numbers and initials. Zeppelins come and go, and are wrecked, as "L 3" and "L 4"; and submarines are either impious or glorious in our eyes according to whether their classification mark is approved of Winston or von Tirpitz. One of the affectionate brevities that has come to stay is the soldier's name for the King—G5.

The Lady Dorothea Group.

Three thousand is Mr. Everard Feilding's latest estimate of the number of wounded carried to hospital by one little private body of workers—the Hector Munro Ambulance Corps. Mr. Feilding knows a thing or two about that Corps; he has a niece whose letters home describe the good work of all its members—except one. Lady Dorothea tells, among other things, of the Ambulance's need of money, and Mr. Everard Feilding is doing good work in London in helping to raise it. He claims, and we claim too, that it is unthinkable that the Corps' usefulness should be suspended for lack of funds.



A WAR WEDDING: THE REV. R. MAYES AND HIS BRIDE.

The marriage of the Rev. R. Mayes and Miss Greenwood took place at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, on Feb. 16. The Bishop of London officiated. The bridegroom is leaving England very shortly to act as Chaplain to the Coldstream Guards, at the front.—[Photograph by Farrington Photo. Co.]

A MAKE-SHIFT ?



THE "ADVERTISING" PHILANTHROPIST ("exhibiting" her Belgian refugees): My poor, dear Belgians do so enjoy their food here. You see, we go in for the French system and cook everything in camisoles.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE MAJOR OF LANCERS.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

THE tall young Subaltern was beginning to realise that the military schooling of the Captain's day had not come up to the high and exquisite efficiency of his own. He hopped from one thin leg to another in a state of suppressed superiority coupled with excitement. The Captain masticated the butt of his unlighted and cheap cigar, and looked steadily through his glasses at the near landscape. His calm would have made the Sphinx hysterical. A mile away, through a series of famine-stricken hedges and along a road of invincible vileness, the Subaltern with his naked eye could note the approach of a worm of winking lance-heads. The road swung round like the bend of an elbow, and his highly tempered Military School glance noted the full profiles of an advance point. He hopped on both legs.

"I say," he said, in a voice which had not yet learned to be thoroughly bass, "oh, I say——"

The Captain, with a Rock of Ages movement, lowered his glasses, looked steadily at the advance with his own eyes, and lifted the glasses again. He might have been looking at a circus.

"I say," gasped the Subaltern again, and a scintillating idea struck him. He was going to act as Nelson with only one eye (and he had two) had acted. "I say," he cried, "I'm going to unship the quick-firer."

"That man," said the Captain, without rancour, "that man is a fool of an eighteen-carat brand. Look at that advance point."

The Nelson touch vanished, and the Subaltern became the office-boy who had forgotten to lick the stamps properly. He resented the emotion, but for the life of him could not tell how it came. He glared at the advance point as if he thought it might have something to do with this sudden sense of little-boyishness. He saw nothing remarkable about it. It was just a cavalry advance point, the troopers riding as badly as all the enemy's troopers rode.

"They bunch," said the unemotional Captain, as though he perceived the Subaltern's lack of perception. "They aren't advance men at all. Nothing but front fours of a column of route. Look at his lances, too. The fool's travelling the countryside with an outfit of helios. He's not a cavalry officer—he's an advertisement agent for someone's metal-polish."

He put his glasses away comfortably, put his hands into his pockets (the Subaltern gasped), and stared, frowning, at the approaching Lancer column.

"What," he demanded, without looking round, "what does all this mean to you?"

The Subaltern remembered he had his duty to his General, his Army, his country, and all that. He was a stern, bold soldier in a trice.

"It means, Sir, that they are going to get the lot of us, unless we run—or fight."

The Captain turned round. He had a long, tight face, a feature over which old bookbinding leather had been placed wet and hammered taut. His two eyes, looking as if they were set under a mask, shone out like polished pieces of hard quartz.

"They're commanded by an idiot, that's what it means," he said in his calm voice. "A dear, good-hearted, proud-of-my-corps-Sir, first-class-regiment-on-parade-my-friend type of officer. He'd probably scoop the board of medals when it came to doing heroics, his men probably love him like a father, he's a genius with the button-stick, but there's more jam in a dough-nut than brain in

his head. That's what all this means"—"this," a sweep of the arm told, was the advancing column. "Didn't they teach you that sort of thing at the School?"

The Subaltern's little chin went up in dignity.

"They taught me," he began, wondering why, in spite of an expensive education, a crushing retort refused to materialise at psychological moments.

"They taught you how to unship quick-firers. Well, my advice, for the present occasion, is 'Don't.'"

The Subaltern cast a frantic look over his shoulder at the advancing column.

"They'll be here in five minutes."

"Three," said the Captain, without excitement. He walked towards the village.

The Subaltern waved a wild hand.

"How on earth can we hope to get clear?"

"Oh, quite impossible," commented the Captain. He was making along the village street. His step, so the Subaltern found, was astonishingly rapid for such an air of languid indolence. "They're sure to have men round behind. He's not so foolish as all that."

"Then we'll have to fight—have to."

"There's a squadron and a half on that road," said the Captain calmly. "We've little over a full troop. Can't be done, my son."

He regarded the Subaltern with his unwinking eyes. He seemed a little amused. The Subaltern was thinking of all the Dishonour to the Flag, the Disgrace that would come to the Old Regiment, and the rest. To surrender without a fight—it was blasphemy. The Captain seemed even more amused.

"We don't live in the glittering sword and waving flag era, my son," he said. "When you are up against odds that can eat you, don't be silly. You just take your gruel as it comes. Besides, we weren't sent out to fight."

The Subaltern was choking with tears and rage. That a thing like this should come to the son of his fathers——! He could not answer.

"We were sent out for other things," said the Captain evenly, looking at him with a slow, deep glance. "We were sent to find out all about these people. We're reconnoitring, out to find what their main strength is, and as much about them as possible. Don't forget that. We're here to get news."

"And we get captured—we're succeeding excellently," snapped the Subaltern.

"Good," said the Captain. "Be angry. I want you to be angry. Make the Perfect Cavalry Leader angry, too, when he comes along. I like the breed in that mood." He paused at the door of the post-office. "Make him as angry as you know how. Tell him—tell him that I wait him here. That I expect the unconditional surrender of himself and his force—unconditional, mind you."

"Unconditional—a squadron and a half surrendering to a troop; unconditional—he'll think I'm mad."

"He will," said the Captain. "He'll get mad himself." He was half in at the door, and he turned again. His face, his eyes, and his tone became hard and bitter. "And no Nelson touch, please. This troop takes what it has to take without a rifle fired. Understand that—no damned heroics." He went into the post-office.

The trooper who was, *pro tem.*, post-master, counter-hand, and

(Continued overleaf)

FISH IS DEAR TO - DAY.



JACK (to Tommy Tiddler): I 'spose things is a bit slack with you and yer Missis now my mate
and me's been an' closed the North Sea?

DRAWN BY HARRY LOW.

clerk, was at the telephone, and the Captain went across to him. The man handed the receiver across the table (it was a table instrument) and stepped back. The Captain spoke at once to the receiver.

"Is that the Headquarters Staff Orderly? . . . They haven't cut the line yet then, good. . . . Well, keep alive at your end. . . . Captain Verreker speaking . . . C Troop, —th Hussars. Patrolling south-east road towards enemy's left front. . . . Now speaking from Framlgn village. . . ."

There was a rattle of hoofs outside. The sound of hard voices came in through the window. Verreker could hear the hairless voice of his Subaltern speaking high and haughty. In spite of his hurried occupation, he smiled.

"Keep lively now," he called across the 'phone. "They might cut the line any moment, but until they do . . . I've been caught and surrounded here by nearly two squadrons of the Skullcap Lancers. . . . The Skullcaps belong to the 7th Division, and that means their Sixth Army Corps . . . yes, yes; the 7th Division goes with the Sixth Corps . . . the Sixth Corps are somewhere behind. . . . If you're quicker than you seem, you may—"

At that moment the door of the post-office burst open. A tall, thick, round officer, very perfectly and beautifully got up to represent the pictorial ideal of a Major of the Skullcap Lancers, came dramatically into the room. He had his sword drawn, and looked as though he would like to use it, for he was obviously angry with the greatest common measure of anger. His red face was redder than it had ever been in its history, and on his round, hard head the veins stood out across the thin brow like mountain ranges on a physical map. He came across to Verreker with a clash of spurs, his chest swelling beyond the confines of his "Sam Browne" strapping. The Subaltern sagged in his wake.

"You are the Squadron Captain?" he said, using Verreker's own tongue excellently, if heatedly. "And if you are the Captain, I call upon you to explain this young man's idiocy."

Verreker nodded. He did not rise from the table.

"I am the Captain of this troop. What do you want to say?"

"Troop!" snarled the Lancer Major. "Troop, he says, and I have five troops with me, and a Cavalry Division and its batteries are within half-an-hour's march."

Verreker smiled—inside. Outside he was stern enough.

"What has that to do with me?" he snapped. "What has it to do with your insulting remarks about my officer?"

"Heavens!" gasped the Major, and he flung a glance of impotent despair towards the ceiling. "Heavens!"—his temper overcame him. "What has it got to do with you? This, Sir—this idiot young man has demanded my surrender—My surrender, with all my men. Five squadrons, the entire advance guard of a Division, surrender to a troop—one troop!"

"I hope he said that it was to be unconditional," said Verreker suavely.

The Perfect Major stepped back, bubbling with rage and horror.

"Are you demented too?" he shouted. "Are all of you demented? Unconditionally—yes, he said unconditionally. Mad—he is more than mad, he is childishly insane!"

"He acted under my orders," snapped Verreker.

The Major recovered himself with an effort. "I will be calm" was written on every feature, on every line of his big body. In that attitude, in that state of mind, that type of man is a prey to anyone who likes to hook him.

"You are," he said, with the conversational calm of a suppressed volcano, "you are something of an officer—you are a person of some military experience."

"I have seen active service in three campaigns," said Verreker slowly, "and I have held a commission for ten years. If you would like any more personal biography—?"

The Major tried not to become purple in the face. He fought his hardest to remain perfectly calm, perfectly balanced, perfectly reasoning and reasonable. What he should have done was to have arrested Verreker then and there. His type is quite incapable of arresting anyone then and there. Their feelings won't let them.

"You are a soldier," he bubbled, "you have seen active service, you are a man of training, you know what military strength is—you are not a boy fresh from a crammer's lecture-rooms." ("Very nasty one that, for the Subaltern," thought Verreker.) "You are an officer of experience, yet—yet you demand the complete surrender of myself and my five troops—you, with one troop only at your back."

Verreker looked at him steadily.

"Why not?" he asked, unsmiling.

The Major exploded then and there, as Verreker wanted him to explode. He came to the table and thumped it heartily with his free left hand.

"This is incredible foolishness," he shouted. "Incredible madness. I will not listen to you another moment. Do you realise that you are already outnumbered five to one—that behind me, not

half-an-hour's march away, there is a cavalry division? It's monstrous. It is folly my arguing with you. I will say nothing more to you."

He took a stride away. For the first time Verreker's brow darkened. He seemed taken aback. The Perfect Cavalry Major had limitations. He bit his lip, thought swiftly, and then said, very coldly, "Ah, you will surrender, then?"

The Major paused in his walk as though stung. He came about, and Verreker saw that his face was black with rage. The man towered above him as he sat, and he could see the bad temper seething under the eyes. For a moment the man hung thus, and Verreker, in spite of his inscrutable mask of a face, was fearfully anxious that the man would not speak. But he preserved his stolid and settled easiness, because he considered that would infuriate the fellow more than anything else.

It did. The Major, with a violent clenching of hands, leant a passionate face across the table. He tried to make his voice sweetly bitter in its sarcasm.

"I am to surrender my five troops to your one—one," he said savagely. "You are going to allow me nothing—not even the privilege of marching away with all arms and with colours flying after—after our brave fight? Unconditional surrender it must be, eh? We few weaklings must not strike a blow in defence against your overwhelming force?"

"Quite unconditional," said Verreker easily.

The Major nearly broke out at that, but his sarcastic attitude was pleasing him. He wished he had tapped the vein before.

"And I suppose the unfortunate Cavalry Division that is marching half-an-hour behind me—that must surrender also? And unconditionally?"

Verreker shrugged his shoulders—but his pulse was beating. The shrug said, "Of course that Cavalry Division talk is only bluff—you don't expect me to believe that." With difficulty the Major kept his temper. He went on with his exquisite sarcasm—

"And when the Cavalry Division has fallen into your hands, you will just wait here, without even planning an ambushade, and the Army Corps that follows the Division will walk into your hands and will be glad to surrender?"

(Verreker wondered how he could keep calm, how the fool did not see his intense and painful excitement.)

The Captain shrugged his shoulders, as Thomas must have shrugged his shoulders to the intense irritation of the other holy men, and he said in a polite, but incredulous voice—

"Of course you have an Army Corps as well as a Cavalry Division up your sleeve. And that will be here in half-an-hour also?"

The Major was still, with extreme difficulty, sarcastic.

"Scarcely that, my Napoleon; I am afraid you are too eager to capture it. It is marching as hard as it can, but you will have to wait half a day—say, sixteen hours at least—for its arrival. And it is only my own corps, only the Sixth, not a very big fish for your net—still—"

("Ah," sighed Verreker. He lost his easiness—he had finished.) He said in a very loud voice—

"The Sixth Corps, eh? It is not a bad corps. And it will be here at Framlgn within sixteen hours."

The Major stepped back. He lifted both hands in a tremendous gesture of disgust, anger, and mortification. Then he dropped them. The whole business had been too foolish for words. Suddenly he realised that he had been pandering with his dignity to bandy words with this fool. He made a gesture of contempt.

"Pah!" he spat. "I am tired of all this—I have done with it. You disgust me. I will have no more of you. Consider yourselves prisoners of war from this moment. If you trouble me again you will be shot."

With a melodramatic stamp he was out of the room.

"My God!" wailed the Subaltern. "The Army will never be able to live this down. It'll get out—there will be talk. We'll be laughing-stocks. . . ."

"Think so?" asked Verreker. He lifted the receiver of the telephone. He had been holding it in his hand all the time—with the trumpet end towards the Perfect Major. Now he spoke into it himself.

"Quick," he called across the wire. "You heard all that that fellow said . . . about the Sixth Corps . . . repeat . . . that's right. . . . Get it sharp to the General. . . . I'm smashing this machine. . . ."

He wrenched the receiver off the wire and flung it in a corner. With his heavy cavalry boot he shattered the terminal-box to ruin.

When the two troopers with their ready rifles came in ten seconds later, he was as calm as ever. And he was never "mad" again.

The enemy never found out how the quick, and they hoped unexpected, march of their Sixth Corps was discovered. And the Perfect Major never knew that he had given the game away.

THE END.

THE FIRST and most generous
scheme of

FREE War Insurance

27

Claims
already

PAID



JOHN BULL

By filling in the coupon you can insure yourself, your wife,
children, and the contents of the home **FREE** against

ALL WAR RISKS,

including Bombs, Bombardment, Invasion, Raids, Riot, Civil
Commotion, Civil War, Revolution, Rebellion, Blockade,
as well as injury, damage or loss by air raids.

THE "JOHN BULL" WAR INSURANCE IS ABSOLUTELY FREE.

There are no exacting conditions.

FILL IN THIS WEEK'S COUPON NOW—WE DO THE REST.



THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd.
JEWELLERS TO H.M. THE KING.

Design

Quality

Value



The "Military."



The "Service."

Service Watches

THE Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company's watches illustrated are of strictly serviceable character, and have the original patent all-screw case, which entirely excludes dust and damp. With keyless lever movements of first quality they are ideal watches for Naval and Military Service.

The "Military" Luminous Watch is fitted with hands and figures that are plainly visible at night. Solid silver. Mounted on Pigskin Strap. Extremely practical - - - - - **£3 3 0**

This Watch is specially manufactured for the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, who control its distribution, and therefore always have large stocks ready for immediate delivery.

The "Service" Watch, in solid silver, fitted with Breguet spring. Mounted on Pigskin Strap **£4 0 0**

ONLY ADDRESS
112, REGENT ST., LONDON. W.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Paris During War. One hears all sorts of things about Paris during the war, and the way the French capital contrasts with ours under such supreme emotions as those we are all experiencing. They seem to be at once more serious and more witty—at least, with a more sardonic wit. Lectures on the titanic

conflict are being given by famous French authors such as Maurice Barrès and others; while one at least has gone into a neutral country to present the French case, and we must hope that his Spanish audiences were attentive ones. Then, Paris would not be Paris without its caricatures and cartoons, with mordant commentaries. The newest and most successful is called *le mot*, printed without capitals, and sold at two sous. One of its recent cartoons illustrated a German *communiqué* which ran: "Our soldiers now cover a considerable extent of the enemy's country." The picture shows a midnight sky and a land covered with dead German soldiers and their horses. This is legitimate satire; and so is the cartoon called "Le Raté," which depicts the German Crown Prince grinning inanely at the horrors left behind by his army. It is possible that the All-Highest War Lord is not altogether displeased at the moderate success of his eldest son and heir, and that the young Prince who is called by his royal English cousins "the White Rabbit" is even more of a failure in Germany than in France. At any rate, the keen French intelligence has summed him up, and the French verdict is likely to be that of impartial history. Here in England he is simply one of Mr. Haselden's delightful "Willies"—surely the most good-humoured caricatures of an enemy that were ever published during a great war. One can conceive the Kaiser and his heir being amused at these caricatures themselves. But the French have suffered too deeply for any sprightliness in their war cartoons.

Rumours About the Tower.

There is so thrillingly sinister an atmosphere about the Tower of London, with its Traitor's Gate, its fatal Hill, and its prison-rooms once inhabited by unhappy Kings and Queens—or those who aspired to the throne—that we all cling with delight to the persistent rumours that an important enemy is now safely shut up there. It has a glamour and an air of high romance and tragic happenings which belong to no other fortress in these islands to the same degree. We feel that there is nothing that could not happen to the Tower of our history and our fiction, and that its place in our island story should be continuous and unbroken. That enemies of the Empire should be confined there, in sufficient comfort, is an idea which cannot fail to please those of us who possess imagination. Even the Tower Bridge cannot spoil the Tower of London, which remains the great "sight," and draws to its walls its thousands of Americans, Colonials, and foreigners every year. Very probably there is no important personage at all on Tower Hill—as yet. But we may suppose that the Tower of London will presently resume its ancient place in our national story.

"Cranford" Revived.

Many are the charming little feminine dinners in London these nights in which the conversation is chiefly on strategy, Zeppelin raids, and submarines. The men—young and middle-aged—being all at the war, Englishwomen are beginning to find out how pleasant their own sex can be. Of course, everyone present has her knitting, and the aspect of a Belgravian drawing-room after dinner curiously resembles the scenes depicted in Mrs. Gaskell's masterpiece of social portraiture. Arriving guests carry vast brocade bags, in which are concealed interminable woollen scarves which never achieve completion. They are duly produced with the coffee-cups, and then begins feminine comment on the war and the makers thereof. It is only by their conversation that you shall know these are genuine twentieth-century women, for even their coiffures as well as their busy little hands resemble the 1820 heroines of "Cranford." There is, too, a complete absence of sentimentality or the repining which would have been considered "womanly," say, in 1815. The modern woman shows a masculine readiness to accept the *fait accompli*, and all she allows herself to show about the war is a determination to end it victoriously.



A BEAUTIFUL NEW MODEL FOR THE EARLY SPRING,
AT PETER ROBINSON'S, REGENT STREET.

(See "Woman About Town.")

Cheerfully Doing Without.

It is quite amusing to see what a highly civilised people like ourselves, who have brought comfort and luxury to such perfection, can do without in times of danger and stress. In our theatres, full evening dress is now as rare as it is in normal times on the Continent. The motors of the rich are mostly at the front, doing more urgent work than dropping ladies in satin slippers at the doors of play-houses. And not only the private motor, but the public taxi-cab, has largely disappeared, and you shall see, any night of the week, pretty women diving into the "Tube" at eleven o'clock, or mounting the democratic motor-bus. The motor-bus, indeed, does not pretend to offer you a seat, and I am not sure that the strap-hanger is not in far better case than the unfortunate seated passengers, whose hats are bashed in and toes ruthlessly trodden upon in the mêlée which takes place every few minutes, led by the conductor in quest of fares. If, in the turmoil, a philosophic humourist murmurs something about the "horrors of war," everybody laughs. The fact is, we have all determined to "keep smiling," just like our Tommies at the front, and nothing can disturb our general good-humour. Other things we are "doing without" just now are foolish finery, long dinners, and incessant week-ends. It seems centuries

since fancy-dress carnivals took the town by storm; only the youngest and gayest among us will probably ever dress themselves in motley again. We shall have more pressing things to see to in the future than Pierrette's cap or Sheba's head-dress, and shall look back to the Age of the Tango and the Futurist with a smile of kindly indulgence. We shall have definitely learned to "do without them."



SANTONEX

The Latest Parisian Complexion Beautifier.

Mlle. Simone Mareix, winner of both the Paris and Folkestone International Beauty Contests, says she owed her success to Santonex.

Santonex is applied in a moment, and INSTANTLY imparts to the skin that soft, youthful and exquisitely fine texture which can be obtained BY NO OTHER MEANS. Santonex blends perfectly with the Natural skin tints, it permanently softens and whitens the skin, banishes imperfections, is far more beneficial and economical than face creams, also more adherent than any powder can be.

Appears so natural that its use absolutely defies detection.

The Secret of a Perfect Complexion.

The composition of Santonex is a carefully guarded secret of Virgil, the great Parisian Complexion Specialist, who is its sole manufacturer, and although neither a cream, a powder nor a cosmetic, Santonex possesses the combined virtues of all these, together with many distinct advantages entirely its own.

Santonex costs only 3/11 for the complete outfit, and is carried in stock by all Chemists

GUARANTEE.—Money will always be refunded if Santonex is not perfectly satisfactory to you.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Liberal trial outfits of Santonex may be obtained free in plain cover by sending 3d. (for postage and packing only) to address given below. This enables you to test Santonex for two weeks without cost.

THE ASSOCIATION OF PARIS MANUFACTURERS

(Dept. 229), 67/68 Bolsover Street, London, W.
Applicant's Name

Address

NOTE.—If you care to enclose 3d. additional we shall also send a free 30-page course of instructions, covering every department of beauty culture, written by Mlle. Simone Mareix, and telling how she transformed herself from a plain-looking typist into the beautiful woman who won the Folkestone Beauty Prize.



"JUST TWO WORDS!"

NESTLÉ'S MILK

for yourself and Baby.

Don't—as you value your child's life—experiment with "foods" of unknown composition; the lives of millions of children have been lost in that way. Milk is Nature's food for infants; it cannot be improved on. Therefore

Try NESTLÉ'S MILK first

To enable you to judge what the result is likely to be, send for "NESTLÉ'S BABY BOOK," giving the experience of hundreds of grateful parents, in their own words, post free from

NESTLÉ'S, 6-8, EASTCHEAP, LONDON.

SESSEL PEARLS



are perfect reproductions. Made by a secret process which imparts the sheen, delicacy of tone, and durability of the finest Oriental Pearls. No pearl will stand more tests than ours and we offer one hundred guineas to anyone who will show us a more perfect duplicate of the real pearl.

Brochure No. 1 on request, post free.
Special attention paid to Post Orders.

Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with Plain Gold Clasp in handsome fitted case - £4 4 0
Real Diamond Clasp with Sessel Pearl, Emerald, Sapphire, or Ruby Centre - from £2 2 0
Sessel Pearl Rings, Studs, Earrings, Scarfpins on Gold Mountings - from £1 10 0

Old Jewels taken in exchange or purchased for cash.

SESSEL, 14, New Bond Street, London, W. (Directly opposite Aspreys.)



The Most Tender and Sensitive Skin

becomes immune from the injurious effects of variable weather conditions and sudden changes of temperature, by the regular use of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

Beetham's La-rola is a complexion emollient which, when applied to the face and hands, has a special softening influence on the skin tissues. It effectually removes and prevents all Roughness, Redness, Irritation, Chaps, etc., arising from exposure to Cold Winds and Frost, or from the use of Hard Water.

From all Chemists & Stores, in Bottles, 1/- and 2/6.

M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM.

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA Rose Bloom," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT! Boxes 1/-



For cleaning Silver, Electro Plate &c

Goddard's Plate Powder

Sold everywhere 6/- 1/2 2/6 & 4/6

Ask your Grocer for

Jackson's Floor Polish

ABSOLUTELY BRITISH

Brightest Shine in Quickest Time

FREE SAMPLE FROM WORKS. MALT STREET, OLD KENT ROAD, LONDON.



The All British ADAIR GANESH PREPARATIONS

92, NEW BOND ST., LONDON. Phone: GERRARD 3782
5, RUE CAMBON, PARIS; 557, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

Patent Ganesh Chin Strap removes double chins, restores lost contours, and takes away lines running from nose to mouth, 21/6 and 25/6.

Ganesh Eastern Oil is the best skin food and muscle producer in the world. Will of itself remove lines, fill out hollows, and give back life and elasticity to the skin, 5/6, 10/6, 30/6.

Ganesh Diable Skin Tonic closes the pores, strengthens and whitens the skin, and enables it to withstand change of temperature. Also a splendid wash for the eyes, 5/6, 10/6, 21/6.

Ganesh Eastern Lilv Lotion, made in three colours, is a liquid powder, perfectly safe, and a great skin beautifier, 5/6, 7/6, 10/6.

Ganesh Eastern Cream keeps the skin soft and fine, contains a little of the Oil, and is made up to suit all skins, 3/6, 6/6, 10/6.

ADVICE GRATIS.

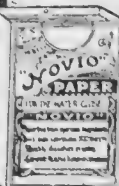
WRITE FOR FREE BOOK.

ASK FOR

NOVIO

THE FINEST TOILET PAPER EVER PRODUCED

The LANCET says: "We found that the statements made in regard to the merits of this paper are correct. The paper, at any rate, is free from injurious or irritating substances, is smooth, and, while firm, becomes soft and apparently soluble like thin rice paper in contact with water."



If you are not using "NOVIO" TOILET PAPER you are not using the BEST AND MOST ECONOMICAL. Costs but little more than the cheaper makes, and the ROLLS CONTAIN MORE THAN DOUBLE THE QUANTITY.



SOLD EVERYWHERE
In Rolls, Packets, Cartons, by all Chemists, Stores, Grocers, and Stationers.
Made in ENGLAND by ENGLISH FIRM employing ENGLISH LABOUR.

Wholesale only of the Sole Makers, Chadwick Works, 26, Grove Park, S.E.



CARTONS

ROLLS

PACKETS

ANTISEPTIC·THIN·SOFT·STRONG & SILKY

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

Suggestions.

We are asked to leave woollen clothing for the Army, and we are, of course, prepared to give up everything to the soldiers that they want or are likely to want. Discussing alternatives, a lady said, "What about Japanese paper clothing? I've seen it; it looks like silk, and is very warm and light. Japanese and Russian troops have tried it and find it excellent: it would make quite pretty dresses." "All very well," said another member of the informal committee; "but I should feel like a parcel, and I fancy a parcel, especially one without string and an address, feels very unsatisfactory." So we gave up the paper idea. Then someone assured us of the weird fact that many ornamental blouse buttons are made of milk. These, we thought, would be excellent wear for war time, because in extremity we could eat our buttons. We were assured, however, that the milk was so much compressed that we could not possibly introduce such buttons to a digestion less capable than that of an ostrich, so our suggestions were not adopted.



A YOUNG RECRUITING-OFFICER!
MASTER TEDDY BENSON.

If some of his would-be captures are "too old at forty," Master Teddy Benson is, at all events, not "too young at four" to be "doing his bit" for his country by donning khaki and angling for recruits. A sturdy little chap, he is to be seen on most mornings in Hyde Park.

Complete Change. So far I have not seen in actual wear a wide skirt reaching only to the tops of the boots, and cut to fit perfectly over the hips, worn with a short saque-backed coat reaching only to the waist. This is what we are to look for—a complete change from present fashions. I have seen these coats and skirts on mannequins. So worn, they were very smart and very jaunty. So many British women are unsuited by nature to jauntiness that it is good to remember that Fashion is not arbitrary, and there is always more than one alternative. Short skirts will vastly increase cleanliness and somewhat facilitate activity. They will concentrate more and more attention on boots and shoes, which, to use a colloquialism, will be at once neater and more swagger than ever. We have been advancing in boot and shoe cult for some time. I understand boots should be worn with the newest skirts.

The Military Air. Our pre-war, finicking way of slipping along with very narrow skirts will now give way to the erect, alert, military gait, which will be much better for us, and much more characteristic of the women of Britain now that they have come into their own again, and recovered the true British spirit. With the new wide skirts and short coats, the military walk will be almost a necessity, to carry the fashion properly, and to wear these clothes with the requisite air. After all, the real art of being fashionable is sensing the character of the new models properly, and setting ourselves to suit them. Our heads, too, are to be rather jaunty, and must be carried with an air in harmony with the hat. Things promise quite well for our girls. I think they will look very well indeed in the new modes, *quasi* military, and neat and alert. In any case, they will be very much in the movement!

V.A.D.

The poor members of the Voluntary Aid Detachments are coming in for very adverse criticism from heads of professional nursing organisations. Yet, I have asked several matrons of ripe experience and, of course, fullest training, who are at the head of V.A.D. hospitals, how these members answer in the wards as nurses and probationers; how they do as cooks in the kitchens; and how they clean. On all sides the very best characters have been given to them. One matron says their work is a revelation to her; and her ward-sister bears her out. In an organisation numbering thousands, there are, of course, some slackers. Certainly they appear to be the exception proving the rule. There is no room, I hear, in big London general hospitals for girls to get the regular training for nursing, and when the war is over, there will certainly be a slump in nurses, and the profession will be a more financially precarious one than ever. The V.A.D. is an emergency worker, and when the war is over, will slip back to private life, and tennis, golf, and other sane and reasonable amusements.

Costumes of To-morrow and Next Day.

The new fashions are delightfully exemplified at Peter Robinson's Regent Street House. A beautiful new model for the early spring has been drawn for our readers on our "Woman's Ways" page. The material is fine, dark-blue cord-cloth, and the ornaments are in shaded purple embroidery. The under-skirt, like the hem of the upper portion of the costume, is of black satin. There are many other styles. One is of dark-blue, with a well-cut, set-in waist-band, into which pieces of very effective embroidery are introduced, in cream and Oriental colours. The collar is high and the ends of the skirt fall in points and hang in flutes, giving a very elegant tunic-effect. Another smart costume is in dark-blue Gab-cord, the skirt finished with a deep, flat flounce of black satin, and having black satin sleeves. The collar is high at the back. The skirt-part is turned back with black satin—quite in French military overcoat way. Extremely smart is a little gauged coat of black glacé, with a very high collar fastened with big glacé-covered buttons, with neat embroidery in vieux rose introduced. The skirt, of black glacé, is beautifully cut and fitted over the hips. It is all flat, but is piped and arranged with peplum heads which spread out at the feet. Covert coats and skirts at 5½ guineas are neatly and well tailored, and look smart and serviceable. Of these there are many varieties.



MOTHER OF A NEW ELIZABETH: MISS TITA BRAND (MME. EMILE CAMMAERTS).

The charming actress, Miss Tita Brand, who in private life is the wife of the well-known Belgian poet and writer, M. Emile Cammaerts, and is also of special interest to the public as the daughter of that gifted prima-donna, Mme. Marie Brema, is to be congratulated upon the birth of a little daughter, who, it is understood, is to be named Elizabeth, after her Majesty the Queen of the Belgians.

Photograph by L. Caswall Smith.

The new magazine, "Khaki," full of interesting matter and striking illustrations, should win favour, for it is unique, inasmuch as it is "not a commercial enterprise," but "a purely patriotic endeavour." Its mission is to supply "as a gift" the Oversea Troops with literature and news from home. Its excellent list of contributors should make it sell readily and the whole revenue thus obtained is to be devoted to the expense of supplying such a production free to the troops. "Khaki" is to be published monthly.



MOTHER OF A SECOND SON: THE MARCHIONESS CAMDEN.

Already the mother of a son and heir and two daughters, Lady Camden is now to be congratulated upon the birth of a second son. The Earl of Brecknock, the eldest son of the Marchioness, is nearly sixteen, and the Ladies Irene Helen, and Fiona Pratt, were born in 1906 and 1911. The Marchioness Camden, whose portrait, with that of her two daughters, we give, is a daughter of Lord Henry Gilbert Ralph Nevill, second son of the Marquess of Abergavenny.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

The Food-Drink
that gives and maintains
health, strength, and
all-round efficiency

Horlick's Malted Milk has built up and increased the capabilities of a great number of athletes in the foremost ranks, and its use will also increase your strength and vitality in the same manner.

Pure, full-cream milk with choice malted barley and wheat. Supplies maximum nourishment in a very easily digested form, and rapidly feeds the whole system, building up and replacing muscular tissue, and promoting healthy development.

Ready in a moment by stirring
briskly in hot or cold water.
NO COOKING REQUIRED.

ALSO AVAILABLE IN TABLET FORM
as delicious food confections to be dissolved in the mouth. Convenient to carry and always ready for use. Nourishing, invigorating, and sustaining; relieve thirst and prevent fatigue.

Both Powder and Tablets may be obtained in glass bottles of all Chemists and Stores at 1/6, 2/6, and 11/-. The Tablets also in Glass Flasks convenient for the pocket at 1/- each.

A neat Pocket Case to hold One Dozen Tablets sent free to users on application.

Write for a copy of our booklet—
DIET IN SPORT AND PHYSICAL CULTURE

TRIAL SIZE OF EITHER POWDER OR TABLETS
SENT POST FREE FOR 3D. IN STAMPS.
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK CO., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

STRENGTH

FITNESS

Madame Eleanor.

Complexions.

I HAVE the honour of announcing the opening of a new laboratory for the supply of high-grade Specialities for the Skin and Complexion.

Some years' experience, under the most celebrated Complexion Specialist in Europe, in the actual making of her famous preparations, both in London and Paris, enable me to guarantee the excellence of my goods, and to offer them at emphatically moderate prices.

Ladies are invited to write for my descriptive Price List of Aids to the Creation and Preservation of the Complexion. Post free by return.

Eleanor.

(late with Madame Rubinstein),
17, HANOVER SQUARE,
LONDON, W.



"SPRING"
By Desportes.
Folio Size, unmounted,
at 2/-.

THE PARISIAN PHOTO PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Corot Terrace, 109/2, Bedford Hill,
Station Road, Balham, London, S.W.
Established 1876.

DELICIOUS COFFEE.

**RED
WHITE
& BLUE**

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

Photos

ON APPROVAL BY
POST OR RAIL.

Assortments are sent without deposit for selection to Responsible Applicants in any Country upon their stating their Profession, or Business and Requirements.

Fullerions from Noted Galleries, Paris Salon Pictures, Classical Undraped Figures, Statuary, Actresses, and Views. Life (Nude Human Figure), Animal, Cloud, Wave, Flower, and other studies for Artists.

Famous Illustrated Price Catalogue, 24d., or 5 U.S.A. Cents, post free, or with a Specimen Cabinet, 1/2d., or 30 U.S.A. Cents, post free. Foreign Stamps not exceeding 2/- are accepted, but Postal Coupons or Money Orders are preferred. Packets of selected subjects on sale on receipt of 5/-, 10/-, or 20/-. State class required. Photos exchanged if not approved.

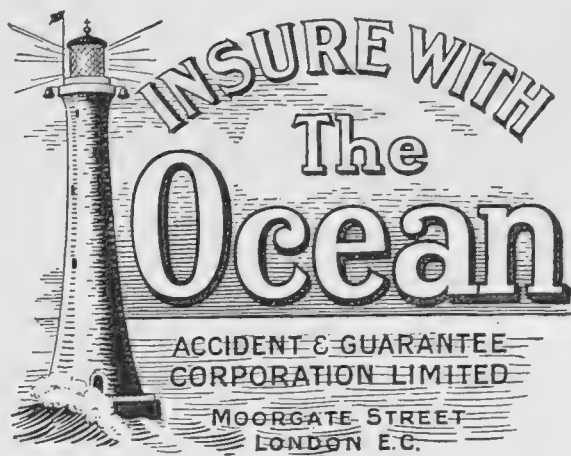
THE PARISIAN PHOTO PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Corot Terrace, 109/2, Bedford Hill,
Station Road, Balham, London, S.W.
Established 1876.

DR DE JONGH'S LIGHT - BROWN COD LIVER OIL

IN USE OVER SIXTY YEARS FOR
CONSUMPTION, DISEASES OF THE CHEST and
THROAT, BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, DEBILITY &
GENERAL WASTING DISEASES.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING CHEMISTS & STORES -
Sole Consignees: ANSAR, HARFORD & CO, LTD
182, GRAYS INN ROAD, LONDON

Exterminated by
"LIVERPOOL" VIRUS
RATS
No Danger to Animals.
NO SMELL.
In Tins baited for Rats
26/6/- for Mice L&G
Of all Chemists, write
parade: Dept. 11/1
EVANS & SONS LESCHER & WEBB LTD.
55, MANOVER STREET, LIVERPOOL.



ACCIDENT & GUARANTEE
CORPORATION LIMITED

MOORGATE STREET
LONDON E.C.

Don't remain Weak, Anaemic, Nervy, Run-down.

Don't suffer needlessly. Let 'Wincarnis' give you new strength, new blood, new nerves and new life. 'Wincarnis' will do this because it is a Tonic, a Restorative, a Blood-maker and a Nerve Food—all in one. That is why it is recommended by over 10,000 Doctors.

WINGARNIS

Is the one thing that will give you new life. Don't trust imitations. All Wine Merchants and licensed Chemists and Grocers sell 'Wincarnis.'

Begin to get well FREE.

Send for free trial bottle enclosing three penny stamps for postage.
COLEMAN & CO., LTD., W 233 Wincarnis Works
Norwich.

Onoto Pens

are the only Standard 10/6 Fountain
Pens All British Made by a British Com-
pany with British Capital and Labour.

THOMAS DE LA RUE & CO., LTD.

SERVICE DRESS FOR IMMEDIATE WEAR OR TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS ACCURACY & FIT GUARANTEED



PATTERNS
POST FREE.

UNEQUALLED
VALUE, FIT,
AND STYLE.

SUITS
& OVERCOATS
In Great Variety, from
63/-
(As sold elsewhere
from 4 & 5 Gns.)

PATTERNS POST FREE.

ONLY MAKER of "HALLZONE" IDEAL "GOLD MEDAL"
21/- RIDING BREECHES
(Exact Materials sold elsewhere from 24/3 Gns.)
We specialise on Cut & Fit of Dress, Morning & Hunting Suits.
Perfect Fit Guaranteed from Self-measurement Form.

HARRY HALL,
"The" Coat, Breeches & Habit Specialist.

207, OXFORD ST., W. 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.
VISITORS TO LONDON can leave measures for SUITS,
BREECHES, &c., for future use, or order & fit same day.
VOLUNTEER TRAINING CORPS'
UNIFORMS FOR OFFICERS & MEN.
TO MEASURE IN 24 HOURS.
FIT & ACCURACY GUARANTEED

The Illustrated London News
FINE-ART PLATES, PHOTOGRAVURES, ETC.

ILLUSTRATED LIST POST FREE.

172, STRAND, W.C.



THE A.A.'S GIFT TO THE FRENCH SERVICE DE SANTÉ: SCOTTISH GENEROSITY.

Some Generous Gifts.

Twice in one week his Majesty the King has personally inspected in the grounds of Buckingham Palace a motor-ambulance column provided by private benefaction. The first was one which had been brought together by the Automobile Association, and consisted of fifty-five fully equipped vehicles, with four-stretcher bodies, each of which had once been a privately owned car. Members had offered their cars from all parts of the kingdom, and the process of conversion to fully equipped ambulances was effected under the superintendence of the Association's own engineers. An examination of the column as it drew up in the Mall showed that this had been most effectively performed, every car having been overhauled, and, where necessary, brought up to date in every particular. The A.A. motor-ambulances have been presented to the French Service de Santé, for use with our Ally's forces at the front, and the gift will tend to cement still further the already strong bond of friendship between France and our own country. It may be added that the Automobile Association had already sent over a batch of motor-ambulances for the benefit of the Belgian Army. As for the second column, which his Majesty inspected a few days later, it was provided by the Scottish branch of the Red Cross Society, with the practical and invaluable aid of the Scottish Automobile Club. The sum of £80,000 was raised for the purpose, and after a first batch of nineteen motor-ambulances and nine cars had been sent over to Rouen, the total number of vehicles acquired mounted up to 131. Of these the column which filed before the King numbered fifty ambulances, with four workshop cars and a transport wagon in addition, together with sundry motor bicycles. The column, by the way, consisted of new, not converted, vehicles.

Where Napiers are Built.

Some of our leading motor manufacturers are now working by day and night on Government orders, to the entire exclusion of their ordinary routine; incidentally, therefore, the motorist who is contemplating the purchase of a new car in the near future, and weighing the pros and cons of types innumerable, would save himself a considerable amount of trouble and possible disappointment if he took steps to ascertain at the outset which factories were in a position to deliver touring-cars. There is no uncertainty, however, in this direction where the vast works of Messrs. D. Napier and Son are concerned, for though motor-lorries and motor-ambulances are being produced in large numbers for the War Office, and many hundreds of men are working overtime thereon, the firm is also proceeding with its ordinary business of producing high-class touring-vehicles, and is quite capable of executing orders from private clients.

A Busy Scene.

A tour which I have made of the famous factory in Acton Vale, where some 1500 men are employed, revealed an extraordinary state of activity. At first sight, it seemed a case of "business as usual"; but, when one saw that many of the parts which were being turned out were double the usual size, one realised that heavy vehicles for the War Office were the chief items of the present output. None the less, it was

pleasing to note the extreme care with which every detail was produced—and, indeed, it may be said that the inspection of a first-class motor-factory would be a liberal education to the private motorist who has never enjoyed that privilege. With ordinary machine processes he may be familiar, but particularly interesting is it to watch the various testing appliances at work of great delicacy—such, for example, as the one by which the degree of case-hardening on gear-wheels is determined to three-thousandths of an inch, or the machine by which a crank-shaft is balanced with absolute accuracy. But even those to whom details of this kind

might not appeal could not fail to be impressed with the immense scale on which work is being produced, or with the fine array of motor-ambulances, as handsome as they are workmanlike, and of which, like the motor-lorries, the War Office takes possession as fast as they can be produced. As for the ever-popular touring models, they are being made in 15-h.p., 20-h.p. Colonial, 16-22-h.p., and 30-35-h.p. patterns, and whether regarded as mechanical products alone, or in conjunction with coach-work of exceptional smartness, they are worthy food for admiration on the part of any motorist who knows a good thing when he sees it.

A "C.A.V." Brochure.

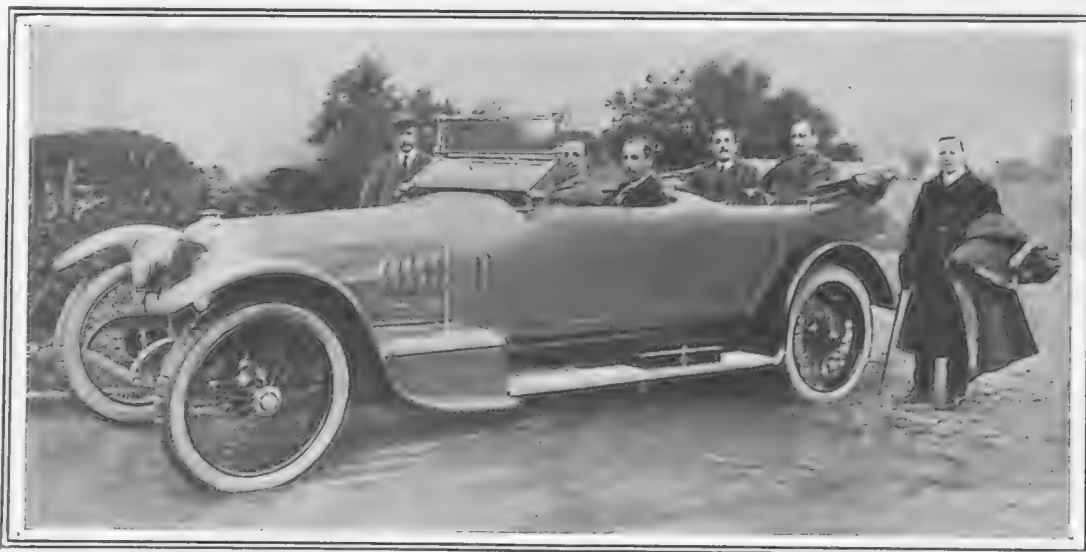
It is also in Acton Vale, by the way, that the works are to be found of Messrs. C. A. Vandervell and Co., makers of the enormously popular "C.A.V." lamps and dynamos, from whom I have received a new and very useful manual on the subject of lamp-bulbs. The previous handbooks of the firm have been devoted to lamps as such, or the self-starter outfits, without detailed reference to bulbs; but the manual before me

shows that the latter are a study in themselves. The many various types which are available are severally described and illustrated, while many useful hints are given as to focussing, renewals, etc. The "C.A.V." products are all British-made throughout, and it is not too much to say that by their ingenuity, efficiency, and general reliability they have added more to the sum of the motorist's convenience than anything which has been produced in recent years. Few indeed are the up-to-date English cars which are not equipped with a "C.A.V." lighting and starting outfit; in many cases they are sent out *ab initio* as standard fittings.



ABLE TO HOLD ITS OWN IN ANY COMPANY: A NEW 1915 MODEL 16-H.P. SUNBEAM CAR.

This is one of the newest, up-to-date Sunbeam cars of 1915. At the wheel is Mr. Genna, who has been successful for several seasons with his Sunbeam in winning hill-climbing and speed tests.



WITH KING ALFONSO ON THE DRIVING-SEAT: A LATEST-TYPE SHEFFIELD-SIMPLEX 30-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER SELF-STARTER CAR.

The Sheffield-Simplex car shown above was built for Mr. Santos Suarez, of Madrid, well known at Hurlingham in the polo season. Next the owner on the driving-seat of the car, which the Madrilenos greatly admire, is King Alfonso.

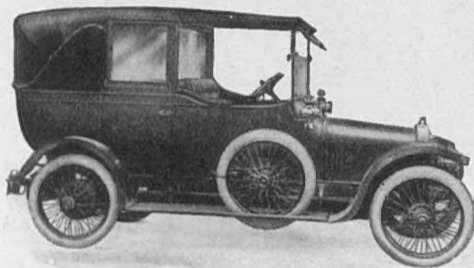
BRITISH THROUGHOUT.

The World's Best
Medium-Powered Car

STRAKER-SQUIRE

The inevitable result of
eight years' concentration on
the ONE MODEL ONLY.

"I do not know a car of its class I would sooner have. All British and, to its last nut, all good. What the Rolls-Royce is in the Forties of the six-cylinder engines, the Straker-Squire can justly claim to be in the Fifties of the four-cylinder machines. By common consent the Straker-Squire is without its superior at its power."
—"Alegria," in "Town Topics,"



15-20 H.P.

ONE TYPE CHASSIS
ONLY, suitable for all
Types of Bodies.

Springing, gear ratio,
and rake of steering
specially arranged to
suit particular type of
body fitted.

STRAKER-SQUIRE (1913) Ltd., 75, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.

POPE & BRADLEY

Civil & Military Tailors

OFFICERS' OUTFITS.

It is imperative to impress upon Officers who have not seen active service the necessity of ordering their Kit only from recognised West End Military tailors. Second-grade materials and workmanship are useless and will never stand the excessive strain of work at the Front.

The reputation of Pope and Bradley ensures not only correct Military style, but every garment produced being made of the finest and most expensive material procurable. The War Office grant of £50 for Officer's equipment is amply sufficient to cover the cost, and it is a very false economy to purchase an indifferent Kit in order to save a few pounds.

The following represents in detail a complete Infantry Outfit (Two Service Suits and Two Overcoats are absolutely necessary) :-

Service Jacket (Whipcord or Serge) ..	£3 3 0
Do. Do. (Guards' Barathea) ..	4 4 0
Pair of Slacks ..	1 1 0
Do. Infantry Breeches ..	1 15 0
British Warm ..	3 15 0
Greatcoat ..	4 10 0
Service Cap and Badge ..	1 1 0
Collar Badges, Regimental Buttons and Metal	
Stars (for above four Coats) ..	2 0 0
Waterproof Coat ..	3 3 0
Four Khaki Shirts at 10/6 ..	2 2 0
Six Khaki Collars at 1/6 ..	9 0
Silk Tie ..	4 6
Puttees ..	7 6
Sam Browne Belt (Best quality) ..	2 12 6
Sword, Scabbard and Knot ..	5 0 0
	35 7 6

Leaving a balance of £14 12s. 6d. for Camp Equipment, Revolver and Boots.

TWO ESTABLISHMENTS ONLY

14 OLD BOND STREET, W. &
11-13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW, W.C.



Skin Purity-Beauty-Health

A PURE, beautiful, healthy complexion is one of the greatest assets a woman can possess. The features may not be perfect, but a lovely skin will always attract attention and excite admiration.

Artificial aids are easily detected, and before the charm of natural beauty pale into insignificance.

PALMOLIVE

Soap has attained its great popularity because it preserves and develops that skin-beauty so dear to the hearts of womankind.

It is something far more than mere soap, and its beautifying, nourishing, cleansing, and soothing properties commend it as the finest means of attaining and retaining that natural, soft, velvety, unblemished skin and peachlike complexion so generally admired.

PALMOLIVE is such a splendid beautifier because it is made from Palm and Olive oils, specially milled and saponified by a process which eliminates from it all impurities and free alkali.

The virtues of both these oils as skin foods are well known, but in the form of PALMOLIVE there is nothing to equal them.

For the toilet, the bath, and the nursery; for old and young; for making hard water soft, and for skin-health and skin-comfort, PALMOLIVE should find a place in every home.

A liberal sample can be had free, or a large cake of PALMOLIVE can be purchased at the Chemist's for 6d., or will be sent post free on receipt of six penny stamps, with name and address.

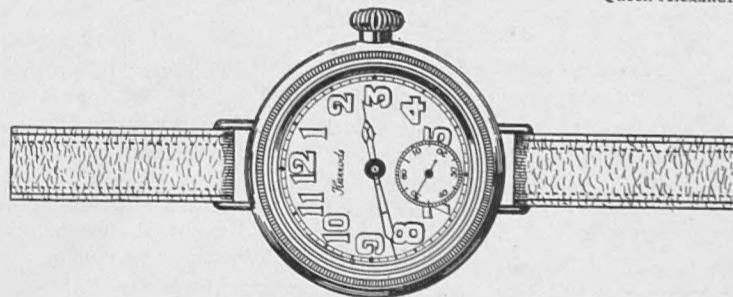
The B. J. JOHNSON SOAP CO., 124, Holborn, London, E.C.

Harrods

Goldsmiths,
Silversmiths
and Silk Mercers



To H.M.
Queen Alexandra



MILITARY LUMINOUS WATCH

(VISIBLE AT NIGHT)

WITH PATENT SCREW CASE.
DUST AND DAMP PROOF.
THE IDEAL SERVICE WATCH.

£2 15 0

Sold by Other Houses at £3 3 0

Also in plain Nickel Case, One Guinea.

NOTE.—All Watches sold by Harrods carry a guarantee for 3 years.

HARRODS LTD. (RICHARD BURBIDGE), LONDON, S.W.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE revivalists are still busy, and the two latest novelties come from the resurrection department. The Kingsway people may be rather glad that the elaborate, or rather empty, joke of the author entitles them to keep the name Shaw off the programme of "Fanny's First Play," one of the most entertaining works of "G. B. S." It is rather a pity that they wasted money on giving the prologue and epilogue, the laborious humours of which have passed away. However, the new Fanny, Miss Manora Thew, is charming. The strength of our stage is shown by the fact that although the first cast seemed almost ideal, the present company is new, with one exception; yet it is nearly, but not quite, as good as the old, and certainly good enough for its task. The connecting link is Mr. Fewlass Llewellyn, admirable as Bobbie's worried father. Miss Florence Haydon, in the part of his wife, is perfect; she always is. In her we see a quiet, humorous embodiment of Victorian respectability, and we laugh, perhaps with a little regret. The Victorians seem queer creatures to later generations, who, nevertheless, lack some valuable qualities of their ancestors. Miss Lena Ashwell plays Margaret with great spirit; Margaret, obviously destined to be a Militant Suffragette, is really in her line. Mr. Henry Ainley as Juggins—I do not believe that a Duke's son would have chosen such a name—looks and is superb. What quiet humour, what disdain of the audience, and what an air of breeding!—far beyond that of the Duke of real life. The Kingsway knows how to pick people from the halls. Miss Wish Wynne was one trump; Miss Ivy St. Helier is another: she has an absolutely irresistible Cockney accent as "darling Dora," and a rich, touching amiability, and a gaudy make-up. Of course, I make no comparisons between her and her predecessor—a sentence that may be taken any way you please.

I missed the first production of "Baby Mine," and so I came fresh, also with the idea that it was rather rather; but in reality it is not very rather, which, of course, is not disappointing. Some people easily get tired of babies upon the stage: there is not much room for novel humour. The only new note in Margaret Mayo's piece is that the young wife has not the slightest instinct for maternity, and shrinks with as much horror from the babies as if they were mice. A very unpleasing young woman this heroine, so that one is quite glad to find at the end of the play that she is in a worse scrape than at the beginning. "What makes more noise than one pig under a gate?" is an old riddle, with "Two" as an answer. "What is more comic than one baby?" is the author's question; "Triplets" is the answer. However, the piece of nonsense rattles along, with a good deal of repetition, and the audience loved to see Miss Iris Hoey skipping into and out of bed, and pulling on big sleeping-socks; and roared at Mr. Weedon Grossmith when embarrassed by the babies one, two, three, and chased by a wrathful mother bereft of her young; and of course Mr. Grossmith was funny—he always is. Miss Constance Hyem acted very cleverly in a long, thin part of confidante; Miss Agnes Glynne played a little girl prettily; and one ought not to forget the honest, skilful work of Mr. Bryant—late of Miss Horniman's company—as the perplexed husband. What a discouraging time our dramatists are enduring during this rage—of the managers—for revivals.

A NEW NOVEL.

"Spragge's Canyon."

By H. A. VACHELL.
(Smith, Elder.)

The best point about Mr. Vachell's new story is its record of Californian farm-life. It must be an enchanting life, and it is always lived in perfect weather. What a programme George Spragge was able to offer the chosen woman whom he lured from culture and the town! When she put her head out of the window the first morning it was to hear the joyous babble of the creek coursing to the sand-dunes and the sea. It was also to see George tip-toeing and furtive behind the reeds. A drop,

a waggle through the grass, a long gaze along the water, and he sprang to his feet, laughing triumphantly. Something glittered in his hand. "What is it?" cried Hazel. "A nice fat trout for your breakfast." "However did you catch it?" "I tickled it." And presently, when she descended for breakfast, George the indefatigable and very-much-in-love appeared with a basket lined with vine-leaves, picking strawberries that should top the trout. The first day was spent surf-fishing on the rocks, sunlight and soft breezes doing their joyous best; the next day they rode through country given up to mazanita, wild lilac, and cactus; on the third, in a blaze of blue above and below, they sailed among the gulls; a barbecue—which seems to be a glorified picnic—rounded off these delights, where, as George put it, they could "hev a hog-killin' time." Oh, George was a wonderful host, and his canyon was "jest about right for him"; but the City Madam, she was a ticklish business. Of course the heaven-sent mate for George was waiting at his elbow, and, being always there, was entirely disregarded. It is no new turn in life or books to behold man hopelessly adrift in this matter. Mr. Vachell handles the familiar situation with humour, but even he cannot make the reaction, when the silly George rebounded from the City Madam to the heaven-sent mate, either convincing or satisfactory. But whoso would go hunting, riding, fishing, and pleasuring in perfect weather over perfect country, and do all of it off the printed page, will do it most admirably by way of "Spragge's Canyon."

THE FURNESS RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE second annual ordinary General Meeting of the Furness Railway Company was held last week, Lord Muncaster presiding in the absence of the Duke of Devonshire, who had been called away unexpectedly to Derbyshire. In moving the adoption of the Report, the Chairman pointed out that the circumstances of the meeting were very exceptional, as the directors were presenting accounts without the usual figures. This was due to the fact that the Government had taken control of the railways. As to the year's working, he stated that in the first half of the year, when no dividend was paid on the Ordinary stock, the Company had suffered considerably in their merchandise and mineral traffic owing to the serious falling off in the trade of the iron and steel industries, and throughout the Furness and West Cumberland districts. That meant, with the balance brought forward from 1913, a decrease in their net revenue of £36,834. Under the new arrangement with the Government, that loss had been mitigated to a considerable extent; and his Lordship hoped that the compensation which would be received from the Government for the half-year ending on June 30 next would make it possible for them, for that period, to pay a dividend on the Ordinary stock. The Chairman then referred to the expenditure, saying that they were continuing the work of renewing the permanent way, and trusted that when this was completed, he hoped by the end of the year, they would reap the benefit of the huge sum they had devoted to the maintenance and renewal during the last four years—£179,236. The reconstruction of the Leven Viaduct had been delayed by the bad weather, but it was understood it would be finished by the end of March. The Kent Viaduct would then be taken in hand, with the idea of completing it by the end of the year. After dealing with other items, his Lordship remarked that there had been difficulty in supplying enough wagons to meet the demand; that 10,000 wagons were waiting to be unloaded, owing to the congestion due to the rush of Government traffic; and that their coal contracts were satisfactory. Continuous progress was being made with their passenger business. In conclusion, the Chairman paid a well-deserved tribute to the work of Mr. Aslett, the General Manager and Secretary, and to that of the Staff, who had performed their duties splendidly, with a due sense that they were doing a good and patriotic service to the State. After a brief discussion, the motion was carried unanimously.

LADY BRASSEY

Is Interviewed, and tells our Readers of

WOMAN'S SERVICE IN TIME OF WAR

in THIS WEEK'S

"LADY'S PICTORIAL"

THE LIVE LADIES' PAPER.

ORDER A COPY TO-DAY.

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL, 172, STRAND, W.C.



SPRING in SUNSHINE MONTE CARLO

Health and Pleasure Resort of Cosmopolitan Rank and Fashion.
IDEAL CLIMATE.

Luxurious Casino. International Sporting Club. High-class
Concerts under the leadership of Messrs. Jehin and Ganne. Various
Entertainments and Attractions. Opera Season in March, with Signor

CARUSO.

Annual Exhibition of Paintings and Statuary.

Hydropathic Establishment, with Electric and Medicated Baths, Zander Institute, Massage,
Hot and Cold Baths.

GOLF LINKS, full course, 18 holes, with Club-house, and Restaurant
on the course, one of the most sporting in Europe.

Tennis Courts at Monte Carlo.

Motor Excursions to Alpine sites and numerous picturesque resorts along the French and Italian Riviera.



The FRENCH VICHY-CÉLESTINS

Natural
Mineral
Water

for disorders of the LIVER:
GOUT, GRAVEL, DIABETES,
RHEUMATISM and all ailments
arising from Uric Acid.

N.B.—The Springs are situated in FRANCE in the
department of the Allier, and are the property of the

FRENCH GOVERNMENT

Can be obtained at all Chemists, Grocers, Wine
Merchants, Stores and Hotels throughout the world.

Wholesale Agents—INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd.,
Bangor Wharf, Belvedere Road, London, S.E. And at Liverpool & Bristol.

A Comfortable Shoe

GOLF has taught some men and ordinary walking
has taught others that stout shoes are really
extraordinarily comfortable. That is, properly
constructed stout shoes, which allow ample room
for free play of the muscles and yet grip firmly round the
ankle and at the heel. Indeed, such a shoe as is here
illustrated, the new Delta No. 703, will be most pleasant
to wear in the Spring and Summer and a refreshing
change from the eternal boot. It is a handsome shoe too,
a fine Box Calf Derby, built on big,
generous lines and will prove itself
hard-wearing and exceedingly
serviceable. All this if good fit be
secured at the outset, and, owing
to the infinite variety of Delta
widths and sizes, good fit is easy
to secure.

Letters

Lotus Ltd, Stafford

Manufacturers of Delta
and Lotus Shoes



Delta 18/6

Can be obtained from at least
one agent in every district.

1140

Old Saint Mungo The
Scotch Whisky.

Picture yourself enjoying the creamy mellow flavour of this
choice Old Scotch Whisky. Send to-night for a trial case
compare the delicate flavour of "OLD SAINT
MUNGO" with your present Whisky. note its
velvety smoothness. Plain Trial Case (1 dozen bottles
2 gallons) sent carriage paid to any station in Great Britain
for 50/- Fill out and post cheque TO-NIGHT
Case will come by return.

ROBERT BROWN & CO.,
Scotch Whisky Merchants,
45 Washington Street, GLASGOW.

WHY SUFFER BALDNESS?



Why appear 10 years older than you need?

A perfectly designed and undetectable covering
or Toupé, exactly representing the hair as it
should be, is the natural remedy.
Call and see for yourself, and judge of the remark-
able improvement.

Country Gentlemen write for further particulars.

Booklet Post Free.

Prices of Toupés from 2 Guineas.

Semi or Complete Wigs from 5 to 10 Gns.

C. BOND & SON, 61, NEW BOND ST., LONDON, W.
Telephone: 1549 Mayfair.

Specialists for Gentlemen's Toupés and Complete Wigs.



THE LONDON ELECTROTYPE AGENCY, LTD.

Publishers, Authors, Illustrated Press Agents, &c., should apply to the
above Agency in all matters dealing with arrangements for reproducing
Illustrations, Photographs, &c.

Sole Agents for "The Illustrated London News," "The Sketch," &c.
10, ST. BRIDE'S AVENUE, E.C.

FREE INSURANCE

SPECIALLY GUARANTEED BY THE

OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, LIMITED,

36 TO 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

(To whom Notice of Claims, under the following conditions, must be sent within fourteen days to the above address.)

COUPON - INSURANCE - TICKET. (Applicable to passenger trains in Great Britain and Ireland.)

Issued under Section 33 of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890.

ONE THOUSAND POUNDS will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary
ticket-bearing passenger, season ticket holder, or trader's ticket holder, and who at the time of such accident had upon his person, or had left at home, this ticket, attached or detached, with his or her
usual signature, written in ink or pencil, on the space provided below, which is the essence of this contract.

PROVIDED ALSO that the said sum will be paid to the legal representative of such person injured should death result from such accident within ninety days thereafter.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of and is subject to the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee
Company, Limited, Act" 1890.

The purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal or of the said Corporation. No person
can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket in respect of the same risk.

February 24, 1915

Signature.....

Subscribers paying yearly or half-yearly in advance, either direct to the publisher or to a Newsagent, are not required to sign the above Coupon-Insurance-Ticket, but will be held covered under the
terms of same during the currency of their subscriptions, provided that a certificate to this effect be obtained in respect of each period of subscription. This can be done by forwarding a stamped addressed
envelope, accompanied by the Newsagent's receipt and two penny stamps for registration to **The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., 36-44, Moorgate St., London, E.C.**

Send to your friends at the Front; also Buy and keep for yourself

THE LITTLE LONG PAPER

CALLED

The Illustrated War News

which illustrates everything of interest that occurs
wherever the War is waged,

ON LAND, SEA, OR IN THE AIR.



Every illustration is beautifully reproduced in Photogravure or on Art paper. It is generally admitted that this wonderful production is unique, not only in shape, but also in excellence.

32 PAGES OF PHOTOGRAVURE IN EACH NUMBER
and **48 PAGES IN ALL.**

Handy to Hold, Handy to Read, and Handy to Send to the Front.

Each Number Complete in Itself.

PRICE ONLY 6d. WEEKLY.

[EVERY WEDNESDAY.]

A HANDSOME BINDING COVER, IN HALF-MOROCCO,

For VOLUME I. (Parts 1 to 12) and for VOLUME II. (Parts 13 to 24) NOW ON SALE.

Price 3/- with Title-page, post free 3d. extra. Or can be obtained through all Newsagents and Railway Bookstalls.

Each COMPLETE VOLUME, Beautifully Bound in Half-Morocco, Price 10/6.

Publishing Office : 172, Strand, London, W.C.